# The Outlook

MAY 8, 1918

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

*On account of the war and the consequent delays in the mails, both in New York City and on the railways, this copy of The Outlook may reach the subscriber late. The publishers are doing everything in their power to facilitate deliveries*

## WHY THIS DELAY IN THE SOLDIERS' MAIL?

A well-known observer of affairs, returning from France the other day, reported that the mail service from the United States to its soldiers in France has broken down and that our soldiers are deprived of the encouragement which comes with letters from home.

Another observer, a man connected with our National defenses, returning from France reported that just before he left he received letters which should have reached him two or three weeks before, and that letters were now coming back to him which arrived in France several weeks before he left.

Still another observer returning from France permits us to print his personal first-hand notes:

1. In an artillery camp of 12,000 men there was only one trained postal clerk.
2. Lieutenant M. landed in France in the last days of October and received no letters for twelve weeks, although his mother, for one, was writing him frequently. Part of this time he was lying ill in a hospital.
3. Private McC. received a letter from his mother early in the winter saying his father was very ill. The next letter he received said: "As I have already written you about your father, I will say no more about it." Since then (three months) McC. has had no letter and does not know whether his father is dead or what has happened to his mother.
4. Private J. on April 1 had had only one letter since he left home in December.
5. Private W. never heard from his people about his mother's death. He learned of it only through a reference to it in a letter received from an outsider.
6. Private Z. said that after a long period of receiving no letters he received fifty in one delivery.

No wonder that under these circumstances some soldiers get discouraged. We have just received a letter dated April 23 from a soldier's mother. She says that she has not heard from her son since early last November, and asks: "Why didn't I receive any letters from him? I have written him a great many times. Is he discouraged because he does not receive my letters?"

An eye-witness of the Russo-Japanese War of 1904–5 reports that when the Japanese were going into battle he saw postmen running hither and yon among the soldiers in the endeavor to get each letter delivered though at the last instant, so that every man possible might be cheered up by the definite knowledge of just how things were going at home.

If there is one thing that our soldiers want, it is the prompt delivery of the mail. There is no reason why they should not have it.

Yet there is and has been a great and, as we believe, unnecessary delay. Letters sent by the ordinary French post arrive on an average of two or three weeks earlier than letters sent through the military postal channel. Complaints are increasing as the number of soldiers in France grows larger.

## THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT'S EXPLANATION

Replying to The Outlook's request for information as to why persons receiving their letters through the French Postal Administration should receive them more or less promptly, while letters sent through the service established for our Expeditionary Forces have been delayed, the Second Assistant Postmaster-General writes as follows: "All letters for our soldiers abroad are handled and despatched without any avoidable delay. In no case and under no circumstances is less careful or prompt attention given to letters for our soldiers than to any other mail, domestic or foreign.

"Letters for our soldiers abroad are made up in packages or sacks to the various military units, just as letters for the French Postal Administration are made up in packages or sacks, in conformity with the distribution scheme furnished by the French Postal Administration. Upon receipt on the other side, mail for our soldiers is handed over at the places designated by the military authorities just as mails for the French Postal Administration are delivered at the places designated by said Administration.

"However, while mail for persons residing in France is delivered by the French Postal Administration under the routine of an old-established postal system and in permanent communities, at permanent addresses, mail for our Expeditionary Forces is delivered to the individual soldiers by the military authorities under an improvised system established by them for the delivery of mail coming into their custody to persons that are frequently changing location and address.

"In some cases, of course, there has been delay in the transit of mail for our Expeditionary Forces, owing to present conditions of traffic. Any further delay is no doubt due to circumstances attending the delivery of such mail after it has been turned over to the military authorities and passed out of the jurisdiction of this Department."

To some this may seem like "passing the buck." But whether so or not, it is high time for the War Department to "get busy."

## CRITICISM IN WAR TIME

As an authority on the criticism of public officials no one is in a position to speak out of fuller experience than Secretary Daniels. For years he was active as the editor and proprietor of a Democratic paper under Republican Administrations; and for the past five years he has been Secretary of the Navy in a Democratic Administration, and has been the subject himself of a considerable amount of attention from the newspapers of the country. He has both bestowed criticism on others and received it himself. "For twenty-five years," he said in addressing the American Newspaper Publishers' Association at its annual dinner in New York recently, "I gave as much to public men as any man in the country, and for some time I have received a good deal of my own medicine. But there was never a time when I did not realize that it was the very life of our Republic that public men should be adequately criticised."

Likening the press to a department of the Government, ranking with the executive, legislative, and the judicial, Secretary Daniels impressed upon his hearers the responsibility of their calling. It was to the press that fell the duty of so recording the history of this war that when Germany, presuming upon America's love of peace, undertook to dictate to this country its course of conduct, American public opinion was ready to back up the President and Congress in declaring war. So, explained Secretary Daniels, it remains the duty of the press to continue telling its readers of the meaning and purpose of every blow that is struck. "One of the most serious menaces to the successful conduct of war by a democracy," said Secretary Daniels, "would be lethargy and lack of imagination in newspaper offices." The supreme duty of the press, he added, was "to print the truth, to give constructive criticism, to grasp and properly interpret intellectually the tremendous import of movements in



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thought as well as in action." He paid a tribute to the splendid spirit of the press of America, summing it up in saying, "News has been secondary to service." From the hour in which war was declared, "whether it was in support of the selective draft, the recruiting campaign, propaganda for the Liberty Loan, food and fuel conservation, the drives for the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A., or leading in community honors paid to youths going to war—whatever the call," declared Secretary Daniels, "the press has responded with a cheerful 'Aye, aye, sir,' and has led in the enthusiastic support of every measure for National unity and National victory."

On the same occasion former Justice Hughes, the Republican candidate in the last Presidential election, likewise upheld the right of public criticism. The line of his thought may be indicated by the following sentences from his address: "The defense and preservation of the Nation is a fundamental principle of the Constitution. . . . There is no Constitutional privilege for disloyalty or for efforts to obstruct the enforcement of the law, or to interfere with the war plans adopted by authority. But, with due recognition of the difficulty of exact definition and close distinction, it is quite obvious that there is a field for honest criticism which cannot be surrendered without imperiling the essentials of liberty and the preservation of the Nation itself. Our officers of government are not a privileged class. . . . When we are in the throes of war, . . . there is no place for partisanship with respect to the conduct of the war. . . . Of course it is just as easy to be a partisan in assailing criticism as in criticism itself. The man who defends everything that is done by his party or his party leaders is just as partisan as the man who assails everything that the opposing party does or plans. . . . It is a commonplace that a public officer learns more from his critics than he does from his admirers. . . . Plainly, there are matters which for military reasons must be concealed so as not to aid the enemy. But any one who conceals facts even in war time has a heavy burden of proof as to the necessity for such concealment. Furnishing material for criticism is by no means the same thing as giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Let the truth be known. . . . Publish the facts and disarm the critics. Or publish the facts and make amends, if there are amends to be made."

## PERIODICALS AND THE POSTAL RATES

The Outlook is proud to be associated with such a group as the periodical publishers of the country. A few months ago there was passed a law changing the whole method of charging postage on the transmission of newspapers and periodicals through the mails. In their comment on this law many newspapers have treated it as a matter merely affecting their special interest, and the Newspaper Publishers' Association has unfortunately also assumed the attitude of a special interest under attack. As a consequence, the newspapers have requested that the law be changed as it is applied to newspapers, and have failed to deal with it from the point of view of its effect on the Nation. On the other hand, the periodical publishers have uniformly in all their joint statements on the subject considered the law from one point of view—its effect on the Nation as a whole. This fact lends special weight to the following resolution adopted by the Periodical Publishers' Association on April 27:

> *Whereas*, The increased second-class postage rates, as provided in Section 3 of the Act of Congress approved October 3, 1917, which becomes effective July 1, 1918, will be most unfair and oppressive to the periodicals of the country and the reading public; now, therefore, be it
>
> *Resolved*, By the Periodical Publishers' Association of America, that Congress be urgently requested to suspend the provisions of said law in so far as they apply to increased second-class postage rates until one year after the close of the present war.

This resolution requests the suspension of the law, not only as relating to periodicals, but also as relating to newspapers. The reason why the periodical publishers include the newspapers in their request is that they take their action from principle. The new law divides the country into zones or sections. Periodicals and newspapers mailed from one section to another will have to pay higher rates of postage than those mailed to addresses within any one section. This amounts to levying a tariff on the circulation of periodicals and newspapers between different sections of the Nation. Perhaps the chief provision in the Constitution to insure the unity of the United States has been that which puts all the States on a level of equality in trade. It was in the spirit of that provision that Congress years ago applied a uniform rate of postage to letters throughout the country, and later extended that principle of uniform postage to regular communication by printed matter in the form of periodicals and newspapers. This uniform postage has been a powerful contribution to the development of National unity.

Now, just at the time of this great crisis, when National unity is valued as it has never been before, it seems ironical that Congress should have adopted a postal law that tends to sectionalism.

In doing this Congress has, moreover, put a burden upon periodicals which some can bear but many cannot. And at the same time the Government is calling upon the publications of this country for their assistance in giving the widest publicity to Government propaganda that is of the most vital importance. Through the press the people are urged to buy Liberty Bonds, to buy War Savings Stamps and Thrift Stamps, to contribute to the Red Cross, to conserve the Nation's supply of food and fuel; and the publishers are devoting a very large amount of valuable space for this purpose, with no reward or compensation other than the consciousness of doing their best patriotically to serve the Nation. And at this time, when the Post Office has a profit, when the needs of the country call for the utilization of every channel of public information, Congress chooses to do extensive and lasting injury to those channels of information, to the detriment of the Government's own objects and to the unity of the Nation.

From every standpoint, the public welfare demands that the taking effect of this law shall at least be postponed until the war has been won by the United States and its allies, and that even then its sectionalizing provisions should be permanently eliminated.

## THE THIRD SERVICE IN OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE

President Wilson has, we are glad to say, appointed John D. Ryan as Director of Aircraft Production for the Army.

Mr. Ryan is fifty-six years old. He was born in the mining region of Michigan. He is President of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, of the United Metals Selling Company, and of the Montana Power Company, the last named being a concern to utilize the waterfalls of Montana to supply electric power to many mining companies and to the four hundred and fifty miles of electrified road of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway system, of which Mr. Ryan is a director.

The appointment has been received with favor throughout the country. It should be. It adds one more to the recent appointments of business men to control the business side of the war—of Charles M. Schwab, President of the Bethlehem Steel Company, now at the head of our ship-building; of Edward R. Stettinius, of J. P. Morgan & Co., now Assistant Secretary of War; of Guy E. Tripp, Chairman of the Board of the Westinghouse Electric Company, as Chief of the Production Division of the Ordnance Department; of Samuel McRoberts, Vice-President of the National City Bank, also in the War Department; of William C. Potter, Vice-President of the Guaranty Trust Company, and of H. B. Thayer, President of the Western Electric Company, who are now in the Air Production Board; finally, of J. L. Replogle, President of the Cambria Steel Company, now in charge of all Government steel orders. Nor is this an entire list.

The question arises, however, as to whether Mr. Ryan is going to have full authority or a half-way authority. He is placed at the head of a division of the War Department whose business it will be to supervise the production of aircraft and aircraft material (aircraft operation being otherwise provided for), and by virtue of this position he will be subordinate to the Assistant Secretaries of War and to the Secretary of War himself.

What the country wants in this position is a strong, independent, single-headed executive. It will be remembered that, after a very exhaustive investigation of the aircraft situation, the

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Senate Committee on Military Affairs recommended that the production of aircraft and aircraft materials be placed under a single executive head, responsible only to the President.

In making this recommendation the Committee followed the example of more than one foreign Government—the most prominent of which is, of course, Great Britain, which has now separated the entire air service from that of land and water defenses, so that the third service in the country's fighting forces is definitely recognized and separated from the others. To make this distinction all the more emphatic, the head of the British Aircraft Service is made a Cabinet officer, and not only that, but is enrolled with the few Cabinet officers who have the right to call themselves "Secretaries of State."

In making its recommendation the Senate Committee on Military Affairs also followed its own opinion early in this year, when it reported the Director of Munitions Bill, which authorized the President to create a Directorship of Munitions and to transfer to that office the production and manufacture of munitions of war.

The country therefore expected that when the "shake-up" in our air service occurred the entire aircraft administration would be placed under the control of one man. This has not been realized. Gratifying as is the appointment of a person of Mr. Ryan's qualifications, he is to be chief only of production, not of operation; and he is not to be a real chief even of production. Perhaps the Overman Bill, if it becomes law, as now seems certain, may give to the President the authority to make Mr. Ryan a real head, with power.

As to operation, the Secretary of War announces that a reorganization of the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps has been made by directing Major-General George O. Squier, as Chief Signal Officer, to devote his attention to the administration of signals and by creating a division of military aeronautics, under the direction of Brigadier-General William L. Kenly.

The Aircraft Board remains an advisory body, as it has been in the past, and Mr. Howard Coffin, who has been its head, will render assistance and counsel to it. He remains a member of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense.

## THE END OF A FAMOUS FLIER

With the death of Rittmeister Freiherr von Richthofen there closed the career of one of Germany's most famous aviators. When the list of aviation aces and their victories was published in The Outlook for January 30, Captain Baron von Richthofen was credited with sixty-three victories. When he was killed the other day, the number of victories to his credit had risen to eighty. The highest number credited to any French aviator is fifty-three—credited to the late Captain Guynemer. On January 30 there were only four French aces (that is, aviators with a record of five or more victories) who had brought down more than twenty enemy planes apiece, and only three British aces with a like record, while there were twenty-one German aces with a record of over a score apiece. Richthofen seems, therefore, to have been not only pre-eminent, but super-pre-eminent.

It is to be remembered, however, that the German tactics in air fighting are primarily group tactics, and the victories ascribed to the individual German are really the achievement of a group. The Germans fly in squadrons, and the leader of each squadron remains in a safe position. The German squadron rarely, if ever, attacks a superior number of the enemy. When attacking a smaller group or a single enemy aviator, the German squadron maneuvers until it gets the enemy at a disadvantage, and then the German leader swoops down upon the victim and disposes of him at small risk to himself. On the other hand, each victory of a French or British or American ace is due to the skill and prowess of the individual.

It might be said that in their tactics the Germans follow a sound military principle of waiting until they themselves are at an advantage of numbers or position at the point of attack. Mr. Driggs, in his article accompanying the list of aces to which we have referred, points out that we might learn something from the German air tactics, and so we might. But it is to be remembered also that aviation is not exactly ordinary military combat. Its success cannot be measured altogether by victories. It is very largely a service of scouting; and it often happens that a scouting expedition is highly successful though only a small fraction of the scouting party return to their own lines alive. It is the high value of individual prowess and skill and daring that has fostered, in the Allied aviation services at least, the spirit of chivalry.

When Richthofen was killed, Allied aviators buried him with military honors, and expressed regret that they could not have captured him alive. It is a mistake to attribute a very high degree of chivalry to the German aviators; for we must never forget that it is German aviators who have spattered the streets of London with the pieces of children's bodies. Of German vindictiveness and malice the German aviation service has its full share. Nevertheless, in spite of the bombing of civilians, there are German aviators who are chivalrous, just as in spite of the submarine there have been gallant German naval officers like the captain of the Emden, though his kind is almost if not quite extinct. There is no doubt that among the Allies the aviators have preserved the chivalric spirit.

A recent report gives the following as the record of victories of America's aces: Major Raoul Lufbery, 18; Major William Thaw, 5; Lieutenant Frank Baer, 5; Sergeant Baylies, 5.

## THE WESTERN FRONT: DESPERATE ATTACKS AND STRONG DEFENSE

As we write, the great double offensive of Germany's concentrated and enormous forces has entered upon its sixth week. Amiens still remains untaken, and its approaches are being defended with determination by the combined armies of Great Britain, France, and America. Hazebrouck, a main German objective on the Flanders front, is untouched; Ypres, although it has been in the utmost danger and has almost been despaired of, is, on April 30, still in possession of the Allies. While it would be folly to minimize the seriousness of the situation, competent authorities hold that, even if the Germans by unexampled sacrifice and slaughter gain their immediate objectives, it would be an extravagant and groundless assumption to conclude that the roads to the Channel ports are open. There are tenable positions beyond the immediate objectives, and into the country west of the immediate field of fighting have been poured in abundance reinforcements and artillery.

The passing of time is justifying the wisdom of General Foch. It was natural for the non-military mind to hope for a lightning-like counter-stroke in force by the Allies. But it was necessary, as now appears, to make first such a resolute defense, such a deadly contest over every inch of ground attacked, that the two deep salients of the Germans shall cease to be an advantage and become an imminent danger—as are almost all salients, if they are too deep and too thinly held. If it is true that Germany has thrown a million and three-quarters of her men into these two offensives, and if her losses continue day after day to be as heavy as is usual in such sustained assaults, the time may come, and quickly, when General Foch will see the minute and the point for a startling counter-attack. At present the word is to "hold fast" wherever possible, and to sell every foot of ground dearly.

No one recent report has been more encouraging and heartening than the news published on April 30 that in the Ypres section the Germans in vain hurled vast masses of men in its effort to crush the British, French, and Belgian troops on the line running southwest from Ypres about twelve miles to the town of Locre. Other news of April 30 speaks of British advances and successful counter-attacks by the French. The capture of Mont Kemmel by the Germans seemed at first to open to them an opportunity partly to encircle Ypres, so that the famous standing-ground of the British would have to be abandoned. But all along the line from Locre and Mont Rouge to Zillebeke the Allies have fought with dogged resolution. Locre itself has been occupied in part two or three times by the Germans, but always they have been dislodged, and the regaining of the whole of Locre by the French on April 30 after frightfully violent fighting showed a stiffness and solidarity of the Allies' defense which, under the circumstances, is astonishing. The same is true of the fighting around the village of Voormezeele, which is on the other, or northeastern, extremity of this twelve-mile line. The fact that French forces have been

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fighting in just this section in considerable numbers is a significant indication of the way in which General Foch is using units without regard to their nationality. In the fierce actions on April 29 and 30 Belgians, French, and British fought side by side and foot to foot against superior numbers hurled with absolutely no regard for immediate losses.

### WHAT WILL THE OUTCOME BE?

There are indications that the German people are becoming disturbed at the frightful losses occurring in the western offensive. One German paper prints a long article by an officer, written with the express purpose of reassuring the public on this point, but containing such statements as these: "Our losses have been enormous. The offensive in the west has arrived at a deadlock. The enemy is much stronger than the supreme command assumed. . . . The people have begun to lose their nerve."

The military situation in its large aspect has been summed up concisely by General Radcliffe, the new British Chief Director of Military Operations, who takes the place of General Maurice. In an admirably worded, calm, and instructive report which might well be a model for the loosely written and not very informative statements made by our War Department, General Radcliffe says: "The Germans are going on with this hammering process, and we have got to make up our minds that it is not this week, or next week, or next month, that this fight is coming to a decision. We are going to fight the whole summer, and in the end it is a question of who holds the last reserves."

### AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN ACTION

Definite news has been received that American battalions interspersed with French, and perhaps British, battalions have been actively engaged in the defense of Amiens. They took their places, say the despatches, under heavy shrapnel fire and after marching fifty miles in the rain. They stand opposite the very apex of the German salient in Picardy, and they are carrying the American flag into the thick of the fight. Meanwhile the American detachments in the Toul sector are doing valuable and active work, as they have done before.

An impressive tribute to the courage of American soldiers at the front, and one of which this Nation may well be proud, is seen in the decoration of one hundred and twenty-two officers and soldiers of the 104th Massachusetts Regiment with the French War Cross. The French general who conferred the decorations, which commemorated the action in the Forest of Apremont on April 12, declared that the conduct of the regiment on that day "showed the greatest audacity and a fine spirit of sacrifice." Not only did captains, lieutenants, sergeants, corporals, and many privates receive this decoration, but we note among the names that of the Rev. John des Valles and that of a "Chief Musician," Ralph N. Dawes, who is specially mentioned as having exhibited "the finest qualities of courage, bravery, and devotedness while commanding the regiment's litter-bearers and exposed constantly to enemy fire, running through the open terrain to the first-line trenches seeking the wounded." Such a deed, if performed by a British soldier, would have entitled him to the Victoria Cross.

### A DASHING EXPLOIT

The British naval raid of April 23 on the German submarine bases at Ostend and Zeebrugge was one of those daring and spirited incidents which have so often in the past made Englishmen proud of their sailors' enterprise and intrepidity. The military effect was also considerable proportionately to the force involved. Aircraft, motor boats, destroyers, and convertible steel ferry-boats joined in the attack. A landing was effected under heavy fire on the Zeebrugge mole. A clear break in the mole twenty yards wide, made by a British torpedo, was observed. The main object was the sinking of concrete-laden ships in the channel used by the submarines in issuing from their home harbors. Canals and sea channels connect both Ostend and Zeebrugge with Bruges, so that the submarines have been in the position of rats with two widely distant holes which lead to the same nest.

Whether the concrete ships completely blocked both passages is not known, but two of them at least were so placed as to constitute an obstruction which it may take many weeks to remove, and German submarine activities have been to just that extent interfered with. Two German destroyers and several submarines were sunk. The fight on the Zeebrugge mole was a fierce encounter. The landing was an audacious act, and as bold in its execution as in its plan.

The British navy is exercising a tremendous though largely silent force in this war. Such an episode as this is a cheering evidence of the dash and courage of its men and officers.

### HOLLAND'S DANGER

From time to time Germany threatens Holland, in accordance with her usual practice of coercing and browbeating all small nations within her reach. Recently the situation seemed critical and it was understood that something like an ultimatum had been served upon Holland. As we write, there is indication of improvement, but the quarrel may easily be fanned into flame if and when Germany wishes.

The sincere desire of the Dutch people is above everything to maintain their country's independence. Holland's situation has been trying in the extreme. She has been obliged to swallow her resentment at outrageous and brutal offenses against her national rights. She has even endangered her standing with the Allies simply because the Allies were not in position to sustain her in resistance to German arrogance.

The present controversy sounds very prosaic because on the surface it relates largely to "sand and gravel." What it really involves is Germany's desire to ship military supplies through Holland to the German front. Mr. Balfour, in the House of Commons some months ago, said that Dutch territory was being used by the Germans to forward to Belgium enormous quantities of supplies. The sand, gravel, and metal thus sent are used to construct military defenses. There is a pretense that this is not so, but the amount is ridiculously beyond any possible civilian use.

Great Britain realizes the hardships of Holland's situation and has been moderate in its demands that the practice cease. But instead of ceasing it has increased. Not content with destroying more than a hundred and fifty Dutch vessels and killing not a few Dutch citizens, Germany has more and more encroached on Dutch industrial freedom, and has made the neutral nation a cover for some of her own warlike activities. If Germany sees her way to overrun Holland, she will have no difficulty in finding a pretense. The Dutch army is brave; it is, perhaps, half a million in number; and it has well-known advantages in the ancient practice of flooding sections of the country.

At present Germany may be too much occupied with her other war efforts to make an attack on Holland profitable; but if she refrains it is from motives of expediency and not of honor. The compromise which seems to have been reached between Germany and Holland is one that yields a great deal on the part of the Dutch Government. Road-making material is to be admitted to transport across Dutch territory, but in limited quantities and with some kind of a guarantee by Germany that it will not be used for war purposes. What such a guarantee amounts to is known to all who remember how many times Germany has broken her pledged word to smaller nations.

### A REPLY WHICH IS A CONFESSION

The revelations made by Prince Lichnowsky's "memorandum" gain force the more they are studied and analyzed. A formal reply has been made by Herr von Jagow, who was Germany's Foreign Minister before and at the outbreak of war. It plunges into diplomatic details and tries to confuse the real issues. But through all its involutions one reads the admission that Germany's dominance was to be assured and enforced at all hazards and at any cost. Not again would she submit, as in the Moroccan affair, to the imputation of yielding. Therefore, Herr von Jagow says, she "could not agree to the English

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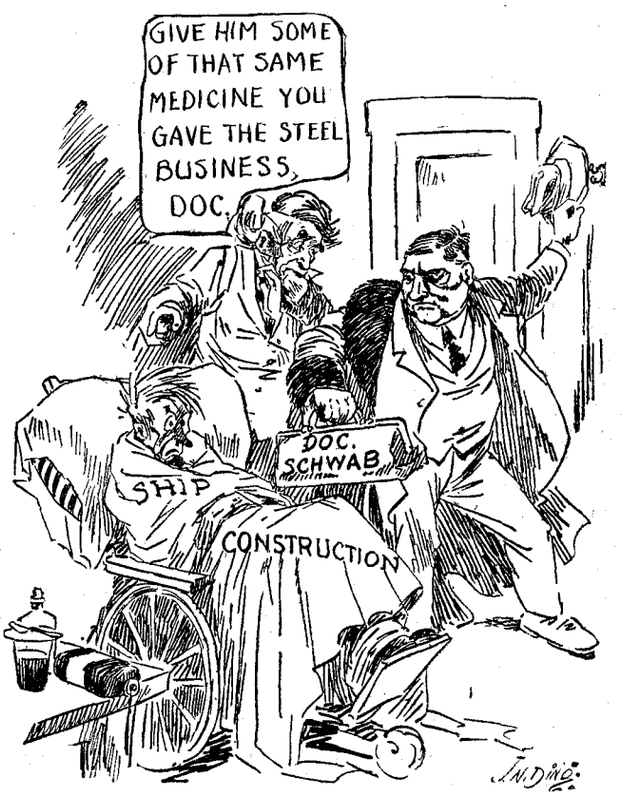
# CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

*Kirby in the New York World*

FLOURISHING THE SABER AGAIN

*Darling in the New York Tribune*

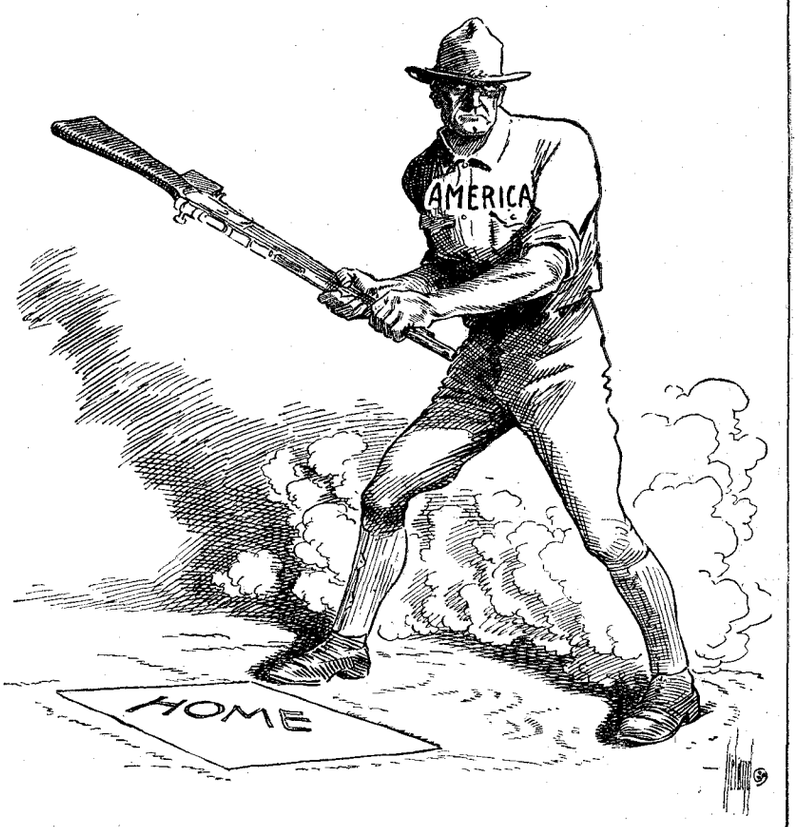



AT LAST THEY'VE CALLED IN A SPECIALIST

*Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle*

IT WOKE US UP

*Ireland in the Columbus Evening Dispatch*




THIS GAME WE'VE GOT TO WIN

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proposal for a conference, for it doubtless would have meant a serious diplomatic defeat for us." And again: "The Morocco policy led to a political defeat. In the Bosnian crisis it had been fortunately avoided, just as at the London conference. A new diminution of our prestige in Europe and in the world could not be allowed."

This is why, in Herr von Jagow's view, Germany "had to" recognize Austria's attack on Serbia as justified. It is why Sir Edward Grey's "love of peace and desire to come to an understanding" (we quote Herr von Jagow's words) came to naught. In view of the now universal recognition of England's moderation and honesty in trying to avoid war, it is literally ludicrous to recall the roars of rage at England's perfidy and deep secret plot to ruin Germany which went up when the "Potsdam gang" found that England would not betray France and Belgium.

Furthermore, Herr von Jagow's defense is that the only way to save Germany's prestige was to try to localize the Serbian question—that is, if England and France could be cowed Germany thought, that Russia would let Austria have her way in crushing Serbia. "The closer we would stand by Austria, the sooner Russia would yield," wrote Jagow to Lichnowsky. With the resulting Austrian dependence on Germany, the big bully who had kept off those nations that wished to prevent an international crime, "Mittel-Europa" would then have been an established fact!

Reading between the lines of Herr von Jagow's statement, one is more than ever convinced of the truth of Prince Lichnowsky's plain declaration: "It is not surprising that the whole civilized world outside Germany attributes to us the sole guilt for the world war."

## VISCOUNT MOTONO'S RESIGNATION

The resignation of Viscount Ichiro Motono, Japanese Foreign Minister, has international significance.

The Viscount is fifty-six years old, and is a graduate of the University of Lyons, France. After holding many important diplomatic offices, he gained finally the most important of any in the Japanese service, namely, the Ambassadorship at Petrograd, where he remained from January, 1906, until his recent transfer to become the head of the Japanese Foreign Office. More than any other Japanese, it is believed, Viscount Motono understands Russian life in all its phases.

In The Outlook of last week Mr. Gregory Mason, our staff correspondent, reported:

> There are two governments in Japan—one composed of the Premier and the Home Minister, the other composed of the Foreign Minister and the War Office. On the issue of Russian intervention the first has had the backing of the United States, and the second has been supported by France, while England and Italy have been hesitating, though apparently slightly in favor of intervention. The influence of Viscount Ishii, the new Ambassador to America, has strengthened the stand of the Premier and Home Minister. It is now quite apparent which of Japan's two governments is the stronger, and there have lately been rumors that Viscount Motono is contemplating resignation.

Seldom has a forecast been more quickly fulfilled. Since the publication of the foregoing, a week ago, Viscount Motono has resigned, and the Home Minister, Baron Shimpei Goto, has been promoted to the Foreign Ministry.

Baron Goto, sixty-one years old, has been best known as Minister of Communications. To him has been due the thoroughgoing advance in Japanese land transportation. Especially to Americans who have traveled in the Far East his name has become a household word because of his editorship of four delightful Baedeker-like little guide-books describing Japan, Korea, and China. Baron Goto was graduated from the University of Berlin with the degree of Doctor of Medicine. After a distinguished career as physician and professor in his own country, he became Director of the Sanitary Bureau in the Home Department. When the late General Kodama was sent to govern the island of Formosa, Japan's newly annexed dependency, Baron Goto was made Director of the Civil Administration Bureau. He not only enforced the Opium Law, but initiated the construction of railways and roads in Formosa, so that when the South Manchurian Railway Company was established in 1906 he became its first President. From this it was a natural step two years later to the portfolio of Minister of Communications, and finally to the headship of the Home Office.

Now, as Foreign Minister, Baron Goto has not been slow in proclaiming his programme, namely, that "whatever Japan may do in the future with regard to Siberia will be done with the full consent of her allies."

At the same time the new Minister asserts, as reported, that "Japan's honor and righteous intentions will be vindicated, and that the nation's friendship for America and Great Britain will remain steadfast, notwithstanding the intrigues to cut it asunder."

## A POLL OF THE JAPANESE PRESS

The comment on the Siberian situation from the Japanese press is interesting. The papers in sympathy with the late Foreign Minister and the War Office, like the Tokyo "Asahi" (Morning Sun), declare that if the Russian situation continues to develop while the Japanese Government remains inactive and indifferent the people of Tokyo may some day find German airmen dropping bombs on their homes and German submarines ravaging the Pacific. The Tokyo "Nichi-Nichi" (Every Day) proposes that Japan should invite the Russian residents in eastern Asia to form an independent government, which Japan would defend against all comers. The area of the new state as indicated would extend from Lake Baikal to Vladivostok. The "Nichi-Nichi" says that three possible plans confront Japan: (1) To wait until Germany has actually placed Siberia within her orbit; (2) to act at once to protect the munitions and supplies at Vladivostok and along the Trans-Siberian Railway; (3) to propose intervention on the above lines. The objection to the first plan is that action would come too late; to the second, that the action would be too limited in scope; the third offers the "only sensible and effective course." The Tokyo "Yomiuri" (Town Crier) calls attention to the alleged fact that many patriotic Russians favor Japanese intervention, knowing that Japan is the only country that could possibly interfere effectively for the protection of Russia against Germany.

Against the arguments of the so-called "Activists" or interventionists, the Osaka "Asahi" (Morning Sun) advises that Japan should hold herself in readiness but should not act hastily. It warns that the outcome in Russia is still quite indefinite, and that the Allies should not make enemies of the Bolsheviki, and, moreover, under any circumstances an expedition will be difficult, for what would be the use of a few divisions in the vast territory of Siberia? The Tokyo "Jiji" (Current Events) does not think that the liberated prisoners in Siberia would immediately start any movement which would determine Siberia's fate. Neither, at first, did the Tokyo "Kokumin" (The Nation), though it later changed its mind. Finally, the Tokyo "Shin Nippon" (New Japan) complains that Japan herself has done little to prevent Russia from falling into the hands of the lower classes, adding that, whatever may be the attitude towards Russia of England, France, the United States, and other countries where the working classes have great influence, Japan must always be antagonistic to governments such as those of Lenine and Trotsky.

This survey of opinion in Japan shows that the question at issue there has been debated very much as it has been here. The question now is whether the war party will ultimately defeat the Terauchi Ministry, which does not wish to intervene in Siberia except with the full consent of all Japan's allies.

## ENDANGERING THE HEALTH OF NEW YORKERS

New York City is beginning to taste the fruit of the election last fall, when its voters made John F. Hylan Mayor. It finds the fruit bitter. Just now it has good reason to fear that one result of that election may be an increase of sickness and a rising death rate.

Under the pretense that there was need for cutting down expenses and that there were nine bureaus in the city's Health Department that had no standing in law, Mayor Hylan ordered an investigation of the Health Department, which for some time

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was carried on in secret. The whole medical profession in the city was roused in protest. It looked as if the fine organization which for many years has gradually been built up for the protection of the health of the people of New York City were going to be seriously crippled by star chamber proceedings. The experts in charge of the bureaus are protected by the Civil Service Law. There is only one way of getting rid of them in order to make places for political appointees—by abolishing the bureaus. The so-called "investigation" to determine the legality of those bureaus was instituted by order of the Mayor. Incredible as it may seem, one of the bureaus which it was proposed to abolish was the one devoted to the preservation of the health of children! These bureaus have existed for many years. There is no law against them. They have proved essential to the development of the city's Health Department, which has become a model for other cities to copy.

Public indignation became so widespread that finally the hearings were forced into the open and the original plan to abolish all the bureaus was reported to be reduced to a plan to abolish but one bureau. That, however, is the very important bureau which is devoted to spreading information about health matters among the people. It is through this bureau that the people of New York are informed on subjects such as home sanitation, the yearly campaign against flies, the necessity for prompt reporting of contagious diseases, the method of combating tuberculosis, the importance of complying with health regulations all along the line. The disruption of such an instrument of health administration as this is so dangerous that its imminence in New York City has engaged the attention of the Federal Government. Dr. Rupert Blue, Surgeon-General of the Public Health Service of the United States, sent the following telegram to Mayor Hylan:

> Publicity is an essential of public health work. Urge you will not curtail activities of City Health Department of New York in informing public concerning disease and disease prevention.

It is even reported that the Federal Government, if it finds Mayor Hylan's course too menacing to public health, may as a war measure take charge of the health administration of this chief port of the United States.

The Health Commissioner, Dr. Amster, appointed by the Mayor soon after he took office, went very far in compliance with the Mayor's wishes, but he could not stand the Mayor's interference, and last week resigned his office. His letter alleges that Mayor Hylan failed to keep his promise of allowing the Health Commissioner freedom from interference, and in this respect is like the letter of resignation of the Mayor's first Police Commissioner. Dr. Amster's successor was at once appointed—a homœopathic eye specialist, Dr. R. S. Copeland.

Under Commissioner Emerson, of the Mitchel administration, the Health Department of the city of New York was conducted with great intelligence and competence. Dr. Emerson's predecessors were likewise, for the most part, competent men. Tammany Hall, which has given New York City some bad government, has not interfered with the development of the Health Department. On the contrary, steady progress in health administration has continued under Tammany Mayors. And now Tammany Hall finds itself with Mayor Hylan on its hands.

The Governor of the State has power to remove the Mayor. The President of the United States has war powers which he can use for the protection of the health of such a military center as New York City. The exercise of the power of the Governor or the President would bring humiliation upon the city, but it might bring it essential protection. The real humiliation lies in having such a Mayor. The pity of it is that the chief sufferers from a disorganization of the Health Department would be the poor. But the people of the city, poor and rich alike, are responsible for the present condition, for it was they who decided to put Mr. Hylan into office.

## A PATRON OF MUSIC

To a great many people Major Henry Lee Higginson's retirement as the patron of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will seem to be something very near a tragedy. It will seem so not merely because this public-spirited American, a veteran of the Civil War, a discriminating lover of music, and a wise user of wealth, ceases to be the chief supporter of the great orchestra he founded thirty-seven years ago, but because his retirement comes at a time when he has been associated with the defense of the orchestra's conductor, Karl Muck, who has been arrested and interned as a dangerous alien enemy.

It is in a way a tragedy, for Major Higginson has stoutly maintained that Dr. Muck was to be trusted and that the agitation against him was unintelligent. There is no longer any doubt that, in spite of a technical plea of Swiss citizenship, Dr. Muck's nationality is German; and there has never been any question at any time that his sympathies were with the Hun. The fact that the Federal Government has now taken action to put him where he is incapable of rendering any injury to the country has undoubtedly caused those who have been Dr. Muck's apologists a great deal of distress. It will be hard for people to dissociate Major Higginson from this episode. It is most unfortunate, for there have been few men in America whose patriotism, whose large-minded interest in art, whose virile modesty, has been so exemplary. At Harvard his name will be always associated with Soldiers' Field, the University's athletic ground, and with the Harvard Union, the University's great democratic club and center of college activities.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will, it is announced, be continued under the control of a corporate board of trustees.

## ATHLETICS AND THE ARMY

Some of our soldiers and sailors recently ran a race over the Marathon course from Ashland to Boston. The winning team was from the 76th Division at Camp Devens, and the second team to finish was from the 302d Infantry, also from Camp Devens. Both teams were well ahead of the Charlestown Navy-Yard team, though led by the famous "star distance" runner Devanney, who, however, made the best individual record. Then followed, in order, the runners from the 301st Field Signal Battalion at Camp Devens, those from the Navy Cadet School, those from the 304th Infantry, and finally those from the Navy Radio School at Cambridge.

This event has called attention to the fact that there has been a wholesome evolution in American athletics due to Army participation. Where once the majority who took part were spectators and only a small minority were participants, the situation is now reversed. We now have what we may call mass play. There are soccer matches between all the men of one company and all the men of another. Dr. George J. Fisher, of the Physical Department of the Young Men's Christian Association (to which, as is well known, the Government has intrusted the task of supervising the athletic recreation of our Army), quoted as follows the other day the report of a high military officer who had just returned from France:

> What I saw in the concentration camps of France convinces me that the best preparation we can give our men for the military problems they must solve in the trenches of the western front is a plentiful supply of play, athletics properly supervised, so that, in a gathering of many thousand virile young men, all may receive equal benefits.

The Young Men's Christian Association needs hundreds of physical directors for work abroad. To fill this demand directors have even been detached from duty at various camps here and sent overseas. The demand for directors is now coming not only to supply the sectors held by our own troops but also to supply the Italian and French fronts.

To get enough directors for service at home and abroad a well-known Yale athlete has adopted a successful plan. He compiled a list of the athletes who had won their "Y" at Yale between 1900 and 1910, and sent personal letters to every man on the list. The responses were more numerous than the most optimistic had expected. This idea is now being developed to cover other colleges by a team whose membership reads something like one of Walter Camp's All-American football selections of fifteen or twenty years ago. Prominent on the roster of this team (which calls itself the College Committee on Recruiting Athletic Directors) are S. B. ("Brink") Thorne, of Yale; Perry D. Trafford and Alden S. Thurston, of Harvard; William H. ("Big Bill") Edwards and Walter C. Booth, of Princeton; and W. S. Langford, of Trinity. This Committee has started a campaign

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for the recruiting of athletes who are now beyond military age. According to Mr. Edwards's published appeal: "Of course it is a great satisfaction to a man who has played the game and is at an age when he is physically unfit for Uncle Sam's O. K. to know that he can serve through the Young Men's Christian Association some of the others who are fighting in the game over there in France."

### HOME EFFICIENCY

No girl or woman is really educated unless educated to efficiency in home management. At one school the girl learns how to sew—to make simple stitches for marking towels, to cut out and make dresses and waists and underwear, to use different kinds of machines, to trim hats, as well as to care for household linens and mend worn clothing.

The girl is taught to cook. She is taught the care of a kitchen and how to prepare cereals, soups, muffins, biscuits, egg dishes, cheese dishes, vegetables, salads, dressings, preserves, simple desserts, beverages.

There is another thing in this connection which the students at this school learn—the ability to teach. There is a call for volunteers to teach the foreign women in American communities how to cook American food, now that they cannot easily get their native foods. There is a call for women to teach the making of the "war dishes" suggested by the Food Administration, so as best to use substitutes for the food we have been asked to go without.

There is a class in house furnishing. Each room in a typical house is studied in turn. Essential furnishings are listed and investigated in detail. Visits to model kitchens and model apartments follow, and to shops where household linen, bedding, kitchen utensils, china, and silver are sold.

There is a class in house management and financing, beginning with the proper standards of living and their maintenance, and showing how the household income should be consequently divided. Then inevitably follows the study of household accounting and practice in making budgets.

Then comes the supervision of the persons in the house, of the children and the domestics. There is such a thing as learning that stubbornness and willfulness wisely handled may tend to the greater development of the child and the adult.

Finally, there is a class in something that lies outside of the home proper—there is a class in community civics. Women as well as men should be discussing bills in the State Legislature or in the National Legislature which are likely to become law.

Thus the theory of this kind of women's education, as brought out by such a school, becomes that of home and social service. This is timely and welcome, anyway. But it is especially timely and welcome during this period of war when we need to increase the power of every asset, domestic and foreign.

### THE STUDIO CLUB

In 1906 some New York City women rented and furnished a room in Seventh Avenue as a reading and rest-place for women students in art. The students soon outgrew the room. Thereupon a small apartment was rented for them, a place where a few students could live. Later, a larger apartment was rented, and, still later, a house. The students have now a much larger and finer house (though rapidly growing too small to meet all their needs), at 25 East Sixty-second Street. An illustration of the building appears on another page.

The enterprise is known as the Studio Club. Its purpose is to assist those who otherwise would have to board or live alone among all sorts of people and in all sorts of places, and especially to provide a comfortable home for girl students in art—art in its broadest sense, including painting, sculpture and other plastic arts, music, the drama, dancing, literature, journalism. The purpose is also to maintain a social center for students and professional women in these arts.

The fulfillment of such ideals is evident at any visit to the Studio Club any afternoon at tea or at the occasional evening dance, or at the Monday receptions or the Sunday afternoon vesper service or the Tuesday evening Bible class. The assemblage is notable because of the unusual number of interesting faces—faces revealing uncommon temperament, originality, character. One feels that each girl is a personality and that she is developing a serious purpose.

When these girls go abroad for further study—to Paris, Rome, Vienna—they will carry with them the ideals of beauty, wholesomeness, and purity of life, of clear and broad vision, gained at the New York Studio Club.

There are one hundred and thirty-five members of the Studio Club. Seventy of them live in the building, the rest coming to their meals from lodgings near by. Every State in the Union is represented, and there are also representatives from England, Australia, France, Cuba, and Norway.

The Alumnæ Association of the Club comprises considerably more than two hundred members. The purpose of this Association is to encourage those who are yet students, establishing a link between them and professional art workers, to help its own members, and to give to the world in both life and art some expression of the ideals received while students in the Club building.

In more than one social respect New York City deserves well of the country. When girl students in art come to the metropolis to pursue further studies, those at home may feel the easier about them in the knowledge that they have at hand such a sheet anchor as is the Studio Club.

## WHY WERE WE NOT PREPARED WITH SHIPS?

FROM a prominent business man of Milwaukee we have received the following letter:

> I am inclosing clipping from a recent issue of the Milwaukee "Journal," which makes the claim that Colonel Roosevelt and his Republican associates actually delayed the shipping programme of the United States by about two years, and I would appreciate if you could investigate this matter, or, if you already know about it, can give the facts in regard to it in The Outlook.

What our reader incloses in his letter is a piece of special correspondence from Washington. In this the writer quotes from ex-President Roosevelt's recent speech in Maine, in which he said: "We utterly failed in our duty to build without an hour's delay a great fleet of cargo ships. . . . Let us begin to do our immediate duty by both speeding up the war and making ready the ships." The correspondent then makes the comment that Mr. Roosevelt and Senators Lodge and Smoot failed to foresee the future, while "President Wilson looked into the future and saw that the time might come when we would need that great fleet of cargo ships." In support of this assertion the correspondent reviews the history of the Administration's Ship Bill which provided for the Government purchase, building, and operation of merchant ships, and would have authorized the purchase of the German ships which we have since seized. This bill was opposed by the Republicans as well as by some Democrats, and the fact was made the subject of an attack on Mr. Hughes in the Presidential campaign. The correspondent concludes that these former opponents of the Ship Bill now criticise President Wilson for failing to do what they would not permit him to do in 1915 and 1916.

On such public questions the ordinary man forms his judgment for the time being, and then proceeds to forget the facts on which his judgment was based. Since this particular public question, now closed, has been revived for discussion, not by the critics but by the defendants of the policy which raised it, it may be well to remind Americans of what the adoption of that policy would probably have brought upon us.

In all probability the enactment of the Ship Bill during the early months of the war would have drawn us very close to entering the war against the Allies and on Germany's side.

At the time that ship programme was being pushed our Government was insisting that Great Britain allow us to break the British blockade against Germany. Great Britain was holding up and searching our vessels. She had an entire right to do so, as we have since acknowledged by adopting the British policy with regard to neutral vessels ourselves. Because of the pressure of certain American shippers, our Government at that time protested very strenuously. Fortunately, the matter ended there.

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If, however, the merchant ships which the British navy held up had been Government vessels, the situation would have been very critical. Either Great Britain would have had to affront the United States by holding up merchant vessels belonging to the Government and under Government control and operation, or else she would have had to abandon the blockade of Germany. It is extremely doubtful whether she would have abandoned the blockade of Germany; and if she had held up and searched American Government merchant vessels, the anti-British feeling in this country might easily have flamed forth into a demand for war on Great Britain like that which we engaged in when Great Britain was fighting that other world menace—Napoleon.

Now that America is a belligerent and on the side of the Allies, the situation is very different.

Instead of using Government vessels to run the British blockade, we are using Government vessels to help maintain it. Instead of purchasing the German ships and handing the purchase money over to Germany to help fight against the Allies, we have seized the German ships and hold them as security for the just claims against Germany which we have and shall press.

The only thing that could have justified the putting through of the Administration's ship programme before it was put through would have been such a vigorous anti-German policy as would have made America's entrance into the war on Germany's side absolutely impossible. The whole trouble with the ship problem is that it has been in the hands of an Administration which for month after month preached the doctrine that we should not prepare against war, declared those who advocated preparedness to be nervous and excited, announced that we were too proud to fight, that we had no interest in the issues of the war or its origin, and that the only peace that we were interested in or believed in was a peace without victory. An Administration which had such views concerning the great struggle between the powers of righteousness and the powers of darkness was in no position to enter upon a ship programme that would have made our dispute with Great Britain in the midst of this struggle infinitely more intense and critical.

We know very well that Mr. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury and author of the Administration's ship policy, feels strongly that our present lack of ships is due to the failure to carry out the ship programme earlier; but the real reason for our lack of shipping facilities is much deeper than that. It is that the United States was totally unready to meet the issue which was finally raised in such a form that we could not avoid it, and which was clearly inevitable. The shipping situation is the most critical part of our unpreparedness now, but this critical situation would not have been saved by merely attending to the shipping programme earlier. The blunder consisted in failure to prepare all along the line. The attempt to shift the responsibility to those who opposed this particular programme earlier is an attempt to divert attention from the fundamental difficulty.

The only advantage in a reminder of this sort is that we may learn from our past blunders to prevent future calamities by insight as well as foresight, and by thoroughgoing preparation in the present.

## MAY 7, 1915 — MAY 7, 1918

In its issue of May 19, 1915, The Outlook said: "The sinking of the Lusitania was not an act of war, it was a crime—the crime of murder." We added that our Government should vigorously and effectively disown all fellowship with the nation which had committed such a crime; should at once call upon Germany "to disown and repudiate her present practice of sinking merchant vessels without warning;" should give "the German Ambassador his passport and call home from Germany the American Ambassador;" should "publicly request by cable all the neutral Powers of the world to unite with us in this action."

If America had taken this action then and had at once begun to prepare for possible war, we might not now have to lament the three years of robbery, murder, and rape which have followed, nor to reproach ourselves with almost three years of real inaction and seeming apathy.

That lament, that self-reproach, will not be useless if they incite us to make up for our inaction then by our speeding now; for our seeming apathy then by our self-devotion now. We can never undo the sins of the past, but we can be aroused to an invincible resolve not to repeat them in the future. There is one way, and only one, to atone for the past: it is by turning evil into good; it is by making the memory of our laggard spirit a spur to sting us into energy, activity, and promptness.

## BULGARIA, OUR ENEMY'S ALLY, OUR ALLIES' ENEMY—CAN SHE BE OUR FRIEND?

On December 4, 1917, President Wilson informed Congress that the same logic which demanded our declaration of war against Austria would also lead to a declaration of war against Bulgaria and Turkey. "They also are the tools of Germany, but they are mere tools and do not yet stand in the direct path of our necessary action."

Certain reasons—the principal reason doubtless being a large number of helpless Americans there—caused and cause our Government to deem it inexpedient to declare war on Turkey.

But this reason does not hold with regard to Bulgaria. Moreover, with Bulgarian troops at or upon the line fighting with the French and our own soldiers, why should we still entertain in this country the Minister or any other representative from Bulgaria? As ex-Secretary of State Knox queried the other day in the United States Senate concerning the Bulgarian Minister: "Why should he have access to the Department of State and to the ear of the President? Why should he be received in the homes of American citizens to pick up the information that may be dropped at dinner tables and on other social occasions which may be of great value to his country's allies? Does any one here imagine for one second that, with Bulgaria standing in the relation she does to the Kaiser to-day, such information is not going, and going constantly?"

On April 2 Senator King, of Utah, introduced a resolution to declare war on Bulgaria and Turkey. It was, of course, referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. That Committee is certainly deliberate in its consideration. But when it does make a report to the Senate, we trust that it will at least favor a declaration of war on Bulgaria.

It would but recognize an existing fact. Every one knows that a state of war does exist between Bulgaria and the United States. The only question is, Is it expedient to declare the existence of that state of war?

It is. Why should we help to maintain Pan-Germanic schemes?

Bulgaria cannot at the same time be the friend of the Hun and of America.

## CONCERNING MR. BULKLEY AND THE FIGHT FOR HIS NATIVE HILLS

"Set my watch ahead? I'm durned if I'll set my watch ahead for any man. I've gone by the old time for sixty years an' more, an' I guess the old time'll be good enough for me as long as *I* live."

It was thus that old Ebenezer Bulkley delivered himself to the Happy Eremite when the latter endeavored to engage Mr. Bulkley and his team to plow the garden for him, beginning at 7 A.M.

"I've allus set my watch every morning by the seven o'clock whistle over in the shops," he went on in his nasal sing-song, "so's I'd be right. I've made it a p'int always *to* be right, an' I ain't a-goin' to change now just becuz a lot o' people is cuttin' each other's throats in Europe. No, sirree!"

"But," interposed the Happy Eremite, "the seven o'clock whistle is blown by the new time."

A placid look settled on Mr. Bulkley's seamed and rather tired face and a gleam of shrewd humor glinted in his eye. "I know, I know," he answered. "But I don't care what the fellow

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that blows that whistle thinks the time is. When the whistle blows, I set my watch to *six*, and then I know I'm all right."

"I see," murmured the Happy Eremite. "Then, I suppose, I can expect you to start plowing at eight o'clock?"

"Accordin' to your time. Yeh. Yeh. I guess so. Ef the weather stays good an' the ground ain't too wet. An' ef the durned lumbago don't come back an' curl me all up. I guess perhaps ef nuthin' happens, an' the town don't want me to haul gravel, an', as I say, the weather holds, I guess maybe I'll be able to get round all right."

The Happy Eremite knew Neighbor Bulkley, and grinned. "You come!" he commanded, with outstretched finger.

"All right," drawled Mr. Bulkley. "Ef I get round to it."

The Happy Eremite threw up his hands and walked slowly back up the hill, between his own long sloping meadow and Mr. Bulkley's ledge-riven fields. Ebenezer Bulkley was a typical Yankee, weak in the knees at sixty from a lifetime of underdone biscuits. He would not set his watch ahead.

The Happy Eremite stopped and turned to look at the view. Beyond the line of tall basswoods that fronted the road at the foot of his own hill he could see the smoke rising from the shanty of Andrew the Pole. Andrew set his watch ahead. In the hollow on the other side of the road, opposite Mr. Bulkley's weather-beaten old house, lived John the Hungarian. John also set his watch ahead. On the hill north of Mr. Bulkley was the Happy Eremite's dwelling-place. The Happy Eremite also set his watch ahead. East of Mr. Bulkley was a picturesque tract of land that several city folk were after. Whoever bought it would, it was safe to assume, also set his watch ahead.

Somehow, the outlook for Mr. Bulkley's type of conservatism did not look promising.

The Happy Eremite climbed slowly up his hill, musing on the matter; and as he mused, it occurred to him with increasing force that for the Mr. Bulkleys of Mohican County the future held very little besides disillusionment, the cutting one by one of old ties, the tearing down, one by one, of old landmarks, lonely old age, and a slow dying amid strangers. For in Mohican County two vigorous and essentially progressive forces were fighting over his head for the mastery of the countryside.

The great manufacturing town near by, boiling and seething in the fires of war, was spilling on the hills roundabout Poles and Italians, Slovaks, and Hungarians. Here they captured a hollow, there they captured a hill. Deserted and desolate farms blossomed under their hands. Wherever they went, gardens grew, peach trees and apple trees bloomed on bare hillsides, grape arbors appeared; and in the late summer, stacks on stacks of hay, clustered together, guarded their hovels from the storms.

The Mr. Bulkleys of Mohican County could only grumble and growl at "Polacks" in general, as one by one the ancient New England acres on which they had run as boys descended to the unwelcome "furriners."

That was one force, stretching out its hands after a lovely land. From the great metropolis to the westward came the other. Lawyers and bankers and literary folk perched themselves on a hill-top here and a hill-top there, building their modern, attractive houses, luring electricity far out into the hills, building barns where cows were coddled like babies, talking strange nonsense about scientific farming and co-operative societies. Under their hands marshes became meadows and rocky fields were cleared and given to the plow. Roads were widened and graded and smoothed and made gorgeous along their sides with dogwood and copper beech.

The Mr. Bulkleys of Mohican County could only sniff at the unheard-of ignorance of city farmers as one by one the pleasant slopes that long association had made half their own sank away into the remote grandeur of "gentlemen's country places."

The "furriners" from the one side, the "city folks" from the other, two vigorous and creative forces, struggling each for the possession of the land! And between them the poor, wizened, backward-looking, dyspeptic Mr. Bulkleys, having no part in the battle for their own native hills, except the unhappy and despised part of the neutral who looks on, finding anæmic comfort in contempt for both combatants.

"The upper and the nether millstone," murmured the Happy Eremite, turning as he reached the top of the slope and looking out across the woods and hills to the blue line of the Sound, three miles away. "I am sorry for all the Mr. Bulkleys who won't set their watches ahead."

# AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN FRANCE

## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Having just arrived in this country from France, Mr. Rogers brings a report of our soldiers that is fresh and vivid. The German offensive had already begun before he sailed for home. In every home that has a Service Flag this report from the front will, we believe, be read eagerly. Those who have read Mr. Rogers's other articles will remember that he, an American musician of distinction, went, with his wife, to France to cheer and entertain our soldiers at the front.—THE EDITORS.

OUR concert party gave its first concert for the American soldiers in France, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., in Bordeaux, October 25 last; it gave the one hundred and thirteenth and last of its tour in the same city April 9. Between these two dates we visited nearly all the American camp centers and also spent ten days with the British. We are now on our way home to tell our people something about what the Y. M. C. A. is trying to do for our soldiers in France.

Just before we left Paris, homeward bound, I was asked by an American what was the most vivid of the impressions I was taking away with me. I replied, without hesitation, "The splendid quality of our boys." My wife and I have seen thousands of them and talked with hundreds; we have never met one that did not appear to be full of pluck, loyalty, and the spirit of self-sacrifice. In the course of a winter that has brought them much discomfort, and often disappointment, we have heard no serious complaints, seen no sign of the white feather. On the contrary, over and over again we have heard expressions of high patriotism and of longing to get into the great fight. The American soldier may not have the faculty for eloquent self-expression that the French *poilu* has, but the stream of his thoughts and aspirations runs just as strong and pure. He is not a saint, and he makes no pretense of being one. His faults are those that go most easily with sturdy youth and an absence of means for healthy recreation. They are, for the most part, superficial; beneath are to be found a real chivalry and great sweetness of nature.

Our Army in France is truly a National Army; its soldiers are recruited from all parts of our country and from all classes. Six months ago I was under the impression that the Pacific Slope was lukewarm in its attitude towards the war; now I am sure that no group of States has sent a more generous representation of its finest young men. North, East, South, and West, all sections have given their sons to the cause. These boys are all proud of their States and love to talk about them, but they are prouder still of their country and of their nationality. The progress of the war will increase this feeling of National unity and create an Army as single in spirit and purpose as is the French army to-day.

With how single an eye our men already regard the real object of the war may be illustrated by two conversations I had last January. In the course of a railway journey to a somewhat remote camp I fell into conversation with a lieutenant of artillery. I discovered that he came from my own native town in eastern Massachusetts, that he was thirty-nine years old, had a wife and three small children and a prosperous contracting business. He had had no military training before our declaration of war, but since then had passed through the training camp at Plattsburg, received his commission, and was now doing his bit in France. I remarked that he might have felt that his

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family responsibilities exempted him from military service. "On the contrary," he replied, "it is because of my children I am here. I felt that I owed it to them to do my part towards assuring to them the opportunities I myself have had." A few days later I repeated this conversation to a lieutenant in a regiment of lumber engineers from the Pacific coast. He smiled and said, "My situation at home was almost exactly the same as his, and I came to France for exactly the same reason."

It may be said that these officers were of finer quality and superior in education to the average enlisted man, but I believe that their point of view is a common one throughout all ranks in the Army, and that the vast majority of the men who reason at all about their actions have come to fight for the protection of their far-away homes. A young fellow from Rhode Island said to me: "When President Wilson declared war last April, I felt that his call meant me. So here I am." Another private, from Springfield, Massachusetts, over draft age and married, with whom I talked a fortnight ago, enlisted for the same reason. The draft army has not been in France long enough for me to have talked with many of its men, but those that I have met seem just as full of high spirit as the volunteers. As far as my experience goes, the sense of personal responsibility in the war is all but universal.

Our soldiers are fighting for their homes because they love them. Now that they are so far away from them, they love them more than ever before and are grateful for any touch that seems to bring their dear ones nearer to them. The other day a young giant from California waited after a concert till he could slip into my hand his mother's address and whisper: "My mother worries a lot about me. It would mean a great deal to her if you would send a line when you get home to tell her you have seen me and that I am all right." My wife and I have had hundreds of such requests, which, needless to say, we shall fulfill as soon as we can.

A male visitor with a song or a story makes a welcome break in camp routine, but one more man in a United States uniform, no matter how sweet his song or how delightful his story, is not one hundredth part as welcome as an American woman. I was chatting with some soldiers in a dingy camp kitchen in a muddy village waiting for my wife to catch up with me. At the first sound of her voice through the open window, the cook, a scrubby little chap with a look about him of the New York East Side, dropped his work and cried, ecstatically: "Gee! what do you know about that? I haven't heard an American woman's voice in four months!" And this is only one of many instances. Our soldiers see very little of the right kind of Frenchwoman; their association with the wrong kind is, naturally, never founded on respect. The American women in Y uniform whom they see in the Y canteens seem to symbolize to them the feminine ideals of their home upbringing, the standards set by their mothers and sisters. I have yet to hear of a single instance of intentional discourtesy shown by one of our soldiers to an American woman; on the contrary, the camp protects and reverences her, much as Bret Harte's miners used to do homage to their local heroines. Though the old army traditions found no place in camp for a woman, I am of the opinion that the presence of a warm-hearted, dignified woman, ready to play the part of mother and sister to the homesick boys when they need it—and they need it often—is a potent influence for good. A woman worker told me that sometimes while she did her housework in the hut she would wear a pink-check apron. One day when she was so attired a soldier came to her and said, "Say, ma'am, don't you want me to wash the windows for you?" "Certainly I do; but what makes you offer?" "Oh, I dunno. I guess it's because of that apron you've got on. My mother has one just like it, and when she's got it on and I'm 'round the house she's likely to set me to washing the windows. Say, where's the pail?" I am sure that boy was a better soldier after washing those windows.

The Y. M. C. A. is in France to provide recreation for the American soldiers, to uphold and reinforce their morale. The feminine element is an effective agent towards this end, and the Y is sending women workers across the water as fast as it can find the right kind. As the work requires a strong body and a clear head as well as a warm heart, the supply of such workers does not yet equal the demand.

In our five months and a half in France we have noted great progress all along the Y. M. C. A. line. Last November the typical hut was scarcely more than a long wooden shed with a few chairs and tables in it. It had no floor; it was lighted by candles standing on the tables in their own dried grease; it was smoked, rather than heated, by two or three small wood-burning stoves. The canteen was a simple counter placed in a corner or at one end of the hut. Sometimes the secretary slept behind it if the roof above was water-tight. The typical hut to-day is at least twice as large as the old ones, and contains two assembly-rooms: one for reading, writing, conversation, and the canteen; the other, with a spacious stage, is reserved for entertainments of all kinds. The canteen fills one end of the former room, and is as well supplied with cigarettes, biscuits, chocolate, etc., as present transport conditions permit. Back of the canteen are a kitchen for the preparation of hot drinks and several small rooms, some for sleeping and some for business purposes. The roofs are water-tight, there are stout floors everywhere, plenty of electric lights, and effective stoves. Some of these huts are visited daily by hundreds of men, for whom they supply many creature comforts and at least some of the atmosphere of home. To administer such large and active establishments requires a considerable number of workers, mostly men. As in the case of the women, the supply of men workers does not equal the demand, although several hundred workers are going to France monthly. The qualifications for a successful worker are, I should say, character, a sincere love for one's neighbor, willingness and ability to work hard all day long and longer, and the capacity to meet unexpected and untoward conditions with humor. To men not liable for military service—the Y will accept no others—and for women, too, this service in France offers the best of all opportunities to be of direct help to our boys.

Though I am only superficially qualified to speak of Army conditions, I will say that, to my eye, they have greatly improved since the beginning of the winter. Families and friends at home may rest assured that their boys are well cared for and that, to all appearances, they are finding much to enjoy in the outdoor life and military training. Indeed, what adventure could be higher or more inspiring than the present war? Despite the shadow that inevitably hangs over it, those who are permitted to take an active part in it are to be envied rather than the stay-at-homes.

In February an exchange of concert parties was effected by the British and the American Y. M. C. A.'s, the British sending a party to tour some of the American camps, the Americans sending one to the British. My wife and I were so fortunate as to be included in the latter party, and for ten days made our headquarters in a city of northern France that is the center of a large number of British military establishments. During our stay we took part in nineteen concerts before as many different audiences, some of them as large as two thousand, the last being given in a city theater under the auspices of both the British and the French military and civil authorities for the benefit of the sufferers in the devastated Somme district. On three of the ten days we gave three concerts a day, one in the afternoon and two in the evening. It was fatiguing, to be sure, but well worth the effort.

The British military authorities discovered long ago the value of the Y. M. C. A. in upholding the morale of the soldiers; as a town major put it to me, "The Y. M. C. A. is God's own blessing in a camp." After three and a half years of trial they consider it an integral part of the military machine, and supervise, even if they do not actually control, its activities. In every hut there is a civilian director (or secretary, as we call him in our American huts), who administrates it. Over him is a commissioned officer, usually the regimental "padre," or chaplain, who supervises all entertainments and is in authority in matters of discipline. The officers in the camp consider themselves the hosts of the concert parties, and are present in a body at the evening concerts. At the conclusion of the programme the senior officer calls for a vote of thanks from the audience, and then comes behind the scenes to express his sense of personal obligation to the artists and to invite them to tea, dinner, or supper, according to the hour. Before one concert we were entertained at dinner by a group of officers that included a brigadier-general, who had motored over from headquarters for the concert, two colonels, and several majors. This attitude of approbation on

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the part of the officers naturally enhances the prestige of the Y with the soldiers.

We had heard that British audiences were slow-witted and unresponsive. It required about two minutes of actual experience to teach us that we had been grossly misinformed. The British soldier goes to concerts to enjoy himself, and does everything in his power to help the show along. He loves a good song and will join lustily in the chorus if you ask him to. He is every whit as quick as his American allies to catch a joke or to shed a sentimental tear. He has a way of talking informally with the performers which is disconcerting at first, but inspiriting when one is used to it. If he thinks they need a little bucking up, he will give them a cheery "Carry on! Carry on!" Indeed, Tommy is a great lad to sing to; I never knew a better.

We were the first American party to visit these British camps, and were received, I felt, with especial cordiality, as being in a sense symbolic of the great English-speaking alliance. I used to open my part of the programme with a few words of greeting from America to Great Britain. One evening I began: "It is a great pleasure to me as an American in American uniform to stand before a British audience—" "And ye're welcome," broke in a hearty voice from the floor, followed by great applause. And, in all modesty be it said, we are welcome in France both to the French and to the British. For many long and weary months they have stemmed successfully the tide of German invasion; now that we have come upon the field they admit frankly their fatigue and count upon our unexhausted supply of men and material to beat the Germans to their knees.

Perhaps the most attractive hut that we visited in the British region, or anywhere in France for that matter, was attached to a hospital. The director was a middle-aged man, a painter by profession, and of a most kindly, sympathetic disposition. He had employed his brush to transform the bare walls of his hut into a gallery of charming paintings of typical English scenery, with the idea that it would cheer the wounded Tommies to rest their eyes on landscapes from Blighty, some of which were particularly their own. On the door of his sitting-room one read: "This door is always open to any man that wants to talk with a friend." The whole hut was pervaded by an atmosphere of sweetness and light. Every midday, for ten minutes, all hut activities—games, canteen, conversation—were suspended while the director read a few prayers. Sunday afternoon we were present at a meeting of his "religious discussion club," at which an eminent clergyman from Edinburgh spoke to a gathering of about fifty men on the use of prayer. After the address, a private soldier clad in the blue hospital uniform presided over an intelligent and earnest discussion of the subject of the day. It was interesting to see how the minds of even very young men, when they live constantly under the shadow of death, turn towards the deepest problems of faith. It is the familiarity with death that gives to the British soldier a maturity of bearing that our own soldier still lacks.

Of men who had faced death a thousand times the most picturesque of all our audiences was composed. They had come to the hut from the station to wait for the train that should take them back to the front, or perhaps to the rear for a few days' rest. They had their packs on their backs and were covered with the stains of war and travel. They had come merely for a cup of tea, a smoke, and a little rest; but how eager they seemed for mental refreshment, and how cordially they welcomed the feminine elements of our programme! Another concert took place in a hut just opened in a carefully camouflèd ammunition dump beside a lazy canal. Ours was the first entertainment the men had had. The carpenters had driven the last nail that afternoon; the piano had preceded our arrival by only an hour. Never in my life have I seen a keener audience—every man in it a "creative listener." Another day I had a hundred Chinese coolies for audience. They gazed at me benignly, giggled a little from time to time, and after each song applauded my efforts in Occidental fashion. What they really thought about the performance I cannot guess. I wonder if they liked my singing any better than I like Chinese singing.

A month after our visit to the British we spent a week in Lorraine, just back of what was then the American fighting line. It was the region of gas-masks, trench helmets, camouflage, and air raids, and we rather expected the atmosphere would be tenser and more solemn than it had been back of the fighting zone; but no, our boys were just as cheerful and spirited as ever. It was a pleasure to find among them many acquaintances of the winter, who now, their preliminary training completed, were accounted responsible fighting men. Our party made its headquarters at Toul, and from there we were able to visit Nancy, Lunéville, Vitrimont, and Gerbeviller, and see something of the splendid relief work being done by the Red Cross and the American Fund for French Wounded—but of this I will not speak here.

Late in March, just as we were preparing to sail for home, began the German offensive on the Somme; a few days later Pershing requested formally of our allies that the American Army be permitted to take part in the great battle. "The trumpet that shall never call retreat" had sounded, and at once our camps were in a ferment of activity awaiting marching orders. The period of quiet preparation was over, the ordeal by battle was at hand.

I have been at sea now for a week, with no news of the progress of the great struggle in France, and cannot guess what tidings will meet us at New York. My heart is full of both pride and sorrow as I meditate on the battle; pride, because I know how splendidly our boys will bear themselves in it; sorrow, because I know how many must give their last full measure of devotion. How fortunate am I to have been with them on the eve of the ordeal; how fortunate our country to have such noble sons to uphold its high traditions of human liberty!

FRANCIS ROGERS.

Somewhere on the Atlantic, April, 1918.

# DRAMATIC MOMENTS IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY[1]

## A REVIEW BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THIS is a really capital volume, written by the son of the American Ambassador who for the last five years in England has shown himself not only a most loyal and able representative of America, but a stanch champion of the rights of civilized mankind.

Mr. Page very modestly disclaims any attempt to set forth new or original matter. But, as a matter of fact, most new and original matter regarding our diplomatic relations during the last century and a half is necessarily unimportant; most of the important facts are known to scholars, but they are not known to, or else are completely misunderstood by, the average intelligent American citizen. What is needed is to put before this average American a vivid and truthful account of these facts; and this is the need that Mr. Page has met.

Mr. Page's book fulfills the two primary requisites of any book which in any important matter is to be helpful to busy men of action: it is both truthful and interesting. Moreover, Mr. Page possesses the great and much-to-be-envied art of avoiding prolixity. His book can be read in a few hours with pleasure, and then can be studied for an indefinite time with profit. He gives in accurate and yet picturesque outline most of the important incidents of our diplomatic history; incidents which, as he says, are part and parcel of our National life, which are the A B C of our history, and yet which will, in all probability, strike most of his readers as not only new but amazing.

The book is peculiarly timely now, when we are slowly awakening to the horror of the German world intrigues and to the need of a close and friendly understanding with the British Empire.

[1] Dramatic Moments in American Diplomacy. By Ralph W. Page. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.25.

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# AMERICAN CONSECRATION HYMN[1]

## BY PERCY MACKAYE FOR MUSIC[2] BY FRANCIS MACMILLEN

DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR AND THE COMPOSER TO PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON IN RESPONSE TO THE GREAT INCENTIVE OF HIS OWN WORDS: "THE RIGHT IS MORE PRECIOUS THAN PEACE"

Mr. Percy MacKaye, who perhaps is best known for his great masque "Caliban by the Yellow Sands," and Francis Macmillen, the American violinist, have collaborated in the production of a patriotic song which has been sung at the training camps. As the dedication indicates, the idea was inspired by words of the President. As the verses were written to be sung, we believe that they gain rather than lose in being printed with the spirited music for which they were intended. This "American Consecration Hymn" has been sung with effect by the President's daughter, Miss Margaret Wilson.—THE EDITORS.

I

O thou, who long ago
Didst move the hearts of men
Their freedom's worth to know,
America!
Now move our hearts again
To rise for all men's right,
And, strong in liberty,
Go forth to fight,
Go forth to fight,
Forth to fight
For thee!

CHORUS:

*For right, more dear than peace,*
*For hope, that bears release*
*To slavish agonies,*
*Our swords are drawn;*
*And they shall rest no more*
*Till yonder blood-red seas*
*And hell-dark shore*
*Are white with dawn.*

II

Not bound by earthly loam
Art thou, nor shelt'ring hill:
Thou art our spirits' home,
America!
Our home, that lures us still
To build beyond war's grave,
And, where God's watch-fires gleam,
Go forth to save,
Go forth to save,
Forth to save
Our dream.

III

O land, whose living soul
Hast led all tribes to seek
Their Godward star and goal,
America!
Now bid thy beacon speak
In fire, and let thy bright
Auroral stars, unfurled,
Go forth to light,
Go forth to light,
Forth to light
The world!

Maestoso (♩ = 68) (But not too slowly)
O thou, who long a - go..... Didst move the
hearts of men..... Their free-dom's worth to know,..... A - mer - i -
ca!..... Now move our hearts a - gain To rise for all men's
right And, strong in lib - er - ty, Go forth to fight, Go
molto.
forth to fight, Forth to fight..... For thee!.....
CHORUS
For right, more dear than peace,..... For hope, that bears re - lease.... To slav - ish
molto cresc.
ag - o - nies.... Our swords are drawn,..... And they shall rest no more.... Till yon-der
blood - red seas And hell - dark shore Are white with dawn.....
Ped.

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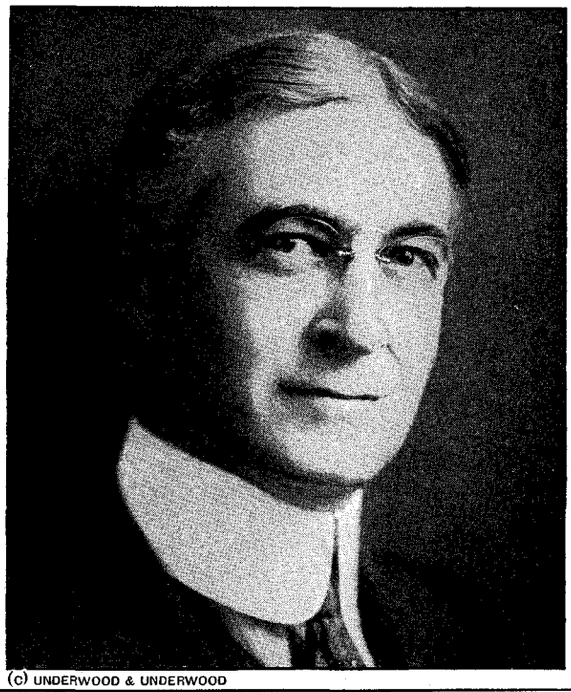
# BERNARD BARUCH

## THE CHAIRMAN OF THE WAR INDUSTRIES BOARD



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## A PERSONAL PORTRAIT

BY

THEODORE H. PRICE

EDITOR OF "COMMERCE AND FINANCE"

IN the heat of war's furnace many reputations wither. Success is the only test of merit, and, from the general who loses a battle or the administrator who fails to make good, excuses are not accepted. They are retired whether at fault or not, for it is achievement and not explanation that is wanted. It is a hard rule, but none other can be applied when the lives of men and the existence of the Nation are at stake.

In every war those who were supposedly able are found wanting and pass into oblivion, while others of whose qualifications little or nothing was known forge to the front. In the shuffle there is, of course, the element of accident or luck, but in the long run the law of the survival of the fittest prevails, and distinction in service is proof of distinctive merit.

It is a little over a year since America entered the struggle, and in the interval not a few men from whom much was expected have departed for obscurity, while others whose appointment to high place was at first criticised have won public confidence by what they have accomplished.

Bernard M. Baruch is in the latter class. In the autumn of 1916 the President made him a member of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense. The appointment was generally regarded as a complimentary one. Baruch had contributed quite largely to the Democratic campaign fund and had worked actively for the President's re-election, and, as the position given him carried no salary and involved more or less expense for him, it was not sought by the professional politicians.

The Council of National Defense was created under an Act of Congress approved August 29, 1916, and is composed of the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of Agriculture, the Secretary of Commerce, and the Secretary of Labor. In the same Act authority was granted for the creation of an Advisory Commission of seven "to act with, under, and by the authority of the Council." The Commission which was selected by the President consisted of Daniel Willard, Chairman; Howard E. Coffin, Julius Rosenwald, Bernard M. Baruch, Dr. Hollis Godfrey, Samuel Gompers, and Dr. Franklin Martin.

We were not at war, and neither the Council nor the Commission had much to do. Under their direction some "preparedness" surveys were made, but they did not attract general attention, and Baruch's activities were almost unnoticed until shortly after April 6, 1917, when we commenced to equip the enlarged Army and Navy then called into being. It immediately became apparent that, as the member of the Advisory Commission charged with supervision over the Government's purchases of "raw materials, minerals, and metals," Baruch occupied a position of great power and responsibility.

It was then that criticism of his appointment began to be heard. He was a member of the New York Stock Exchange. He came from Wall Street. He was a speculator. He had admitted making money by a decline in stocks caused by some previous rumors of peace. And he was a Jew. In the opinion of his detractors, any one of these things disqualified him for the service of his country, and the propriety of allowing him to retain the place he held was openly challenged. This criticism was, however, disregarded by the President. Baruch ignored it and went about the Government's business. One of the first things he did was to cut the price on the copper bought by the Government to 16½ cents a pound. Copper had been selling at from 30 to 32 cents, and most of the copper-producing companies were Wall Street concerns.

This led people to think that it might be possible, after all, for a Wall Street man to be patriotically independent of his former associates; and when at Baruch's solicitation the steel manufacturers reduced the price of steel to $58 a ton to the Government and the public, the criticism of which he had been the object commenced to lose point. From that time on his influence grew and his authority was extended. When it became necessary to co-ordinate the enormous purchasing that was being done for the Allies in this country, he was made a member of the committee formed for that purpose. Then the President appointed him on the War Council, which meets each week at the White House. This Council includes, besides Mr. Baruch:

The Secretary of the Treasury.
The Secretary of the Navy.
The Secretary of War.
Edward N. Hurley, Chairman of the Shipping Board.
Harry A. Garfield, Fuel Administrator.
Herbert Hoover, Food Administrator.
Vance McCormick, Chairman of the War Trade Board.

Finally, on March 4 last, the President made Mr. Baruch Chairman of the War Industries Board. In a letter asking him to take this position Mr. Wilson described the functions and organization of this Board as follows:

The functions of the Board should be:

(1) The creation of new facilities and the disclosing, if necessary the opening up, of new or additional sources of supply.

(2) The conversion of existing facilities, where necessary, to new uses.

(3) The studious conservation of resources and facilities by scientific, commercial, and industrial economies.

(4) Advice to the several purchasing agencies of the Government with regard to the prices to be paid.

(5) The determination, wherever necessary, of priorities of production and of delivery, and of the proportions of any given article to be made immediately accessible to the several purchasing agencies when the supply of that article is insufficient, either temporarily or permanently.

(6) The making of purchases for the Allies.

The Board should be constituted as at present, and should



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retain, so far as necessary and so far as consistent with the character and purposes of the reorganization, its present advisory agencies; but the ultimate decision of all questions, except the determination of prices, should rest always with the Chairman, the other members acting in a co-operative and advisory capacity.

. . . . . .

In the determination of prices the Chairman should be governed by the advice of a committee consisting, besides himself, of the members of the Board immediately charged with the study of raw materials and of manufactured products, of the labor member of the Board, of the Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, the Chairman of the Tariff Commission, and the Fuel Administrator.

And, after enumerating in detail the duties of the Chairman, the President concludes by saying that—

In brief, he should act as the general eye of all supply departments in the field of industry.

The letter from which I have quoted is the patent of the broadest authority over American industry and commerce with which any functionary of the United States Government has ever been invested. It creates, in fact, a Generalissimo of American Business during the war. It will be noticed that "the ultimate decision of all questions, except the determination of prices, should rest always with the Chairman," and that "in the determination of prices the Chairman should be governed by the advice of a committee consisting, besides himself, of the members of the Board immediately charged with the study of raw materials and of manufactured products, of the labor member of the Board, of the Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, the Chairman of the Tariff Commission, and the Fuel Administrator."

The Price-Fixing Committee of the War Industries Board as at present constituted, in accordance with the President's instructions, consists of:

Bernard M. Baruch.
Harry A. Garfield, Fuel Administrator.
Robert S. Brookings, of the War Industries Board.
F. W. Taussig, Chairman of the Tariff Commission.
William J. Harris, Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission.
Hugh Frayne, of the War Industries Board, and a member of the American Federation of Labor.
General Palmer F. Pierce, of the War Industries Board, Director-General of Supplies, United States Army.
Paymaster John Hancock, of the Navy.

The War Industries Board itself as at present constituted consists of Bernard M. Baruch, Robert S. Brookings, Rear-Admiral Frank F. Fletcher, General Palmer F. Pierce, Hugh Frayne, and Judge E. J. Parker, so that all its members except Admiral Fletcher, who is represented by Paymaster Hancock, and Judge Parker, are also members of the Price-Fixing Committee. As Judge Parker is legal adviser to both the Board and the Committee, he is generally present at the deliberations of both bodies. In the consideration and investigation of the various questions they are called upon to decide they have also the assistance of a great many distinguished business and professional men who are proud to be serving the Government in this important work.

Among them are Alexander Legge, General Manager of the International Harvester Company; Leland L. Summers, one of the best-known mechanical engineers in the world; Pope Yeatman, a mining engineer and metallurgist of great distinction; J. L. Replogle, of the Cambria Steel Company, who is one of the great "ironmasters" of this country; James Inglis, President of the American Blower Company, of Detroit; George N. Peek, of Deere & Co.; George R. James, of Memphis, Tennessee; Charles H. MacDowell, of Chicago, Illinois; and a host of others whose names are to be found in the "Who's Who" of business success in America.

The present organization of the War Industries Board includes, in fact, probably more men of affairs who have really done things than have ever been grouped together previously in this or any other country; and it is of this organization that Mr. Baruch is the chairman and head.

Through the authority vested in him to determine "priorities" in the delivery of raw material and fuel and "to convert existing facilities to new uses," which is in effect the right to take over or commandeer, he wields a centralized control over American business that is absolute, and becomes at once, under the President, one of the most powerful men in America. It will be granted, I think, that it was necessary that this great power should be vested in some one individual that we may win a war that is chiefly a contest of economic strength and efficiency.

The question is, will Bernard M. Baruch prove equal to the job? In an effort to answer this question I have spent not a little time in Washington. I have talked with Mr. Baruch and his critics as well as his friends. I have learned something of his policies and have endeavored to appraise what he has already accomplished; and I have come to the conclusion that the very facts urged against his original appointment are reasons why he is one of the best men that could have been selected for the place he now occupies.

The objections made to him can be briefed in one sentence. He was a Wall Street speculator and is a Jew. In so far as his speculative training and experience are concerned, it will probably be found, and it is in fact already evident, that they have qualified rather than disqualified him for the responsibilities that he has been called upon to assume in the service of the Government. His dominating purpose, as expressed to me in his own words, is to "bring the people to realize that their only business now is the business of war and to make the country so self-contained in an economic sense that it can, if necessary, continue to fight independently and indefinitely until victory is secured."

Where there is no vision the people perish, and only a man of speculative vision could thus have expressed himself. The word speculator is so constantly misused to describe the gambler that but few understand that it connotes the use of those powers in the possession of which man most closely approaches omniscience. The Latin word *speculor*, from which the English "speculate" is derived, means to look forward or beyond; and the statesman, the philosopher, or the business man who is without this gift of vision cannot accomplish much and will not long survive.

The faith that is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things unseen can come only to him who is able to visualize the future with the accuracy that is the product of close reasoning and the self-confidence of an educated intelligence; and we have high authority for the statement that such a faith will give its possessor the power to remove mountains. Without exception, all the world's great men have been speculators in thought or deed.

They have seen the unseen and endeavored to paint a picture of the future upon the canvas of the present. Socrates was a speculative thinker, Christopher Columbus was a speculative sailor, and Edison is a speculative inventor. The world has benefited enormously by their vision and the pertinacious courage with which they followed where it beckoned. That so few speculators succeed is a melancholy fact, evidencing as it does the fallibility of the majority, but it shows also what an unusual equipment the successful speculator must have at his command.

He must be able to see all sides of the problems he attacks, to comprehend the psychological as well as the physical factors, to make due allowance for his own errors as well as the mistakes of those through whom he acts or makes his observations, and he must be ready to advance with audacity and courage, keeping open always a line of retreat by which he can retire with safety from a dangerous situation.

The man who can do all this possesses the attributes of a great general, and Baruch's success in the field of financial speculation thus becomes the surest guaranty of his qualifications for the position that he now occupies. It is hardly possible that he can avoid mistakes or escape criticism. Some of the problems that he will have to meet have vexed humanity for ages and cannot be adequately dealt with while we are at war.

In almost every decision that he makes he is likely to antagonize some one; but the venom of the disgruntled will not injure him if the public believe in his patriotism and ability, and the people will make allowance for his mistakes made in good faith, provided they are not too frequent. Thus far they have been but few. His method has been tactful persuasion rather than coercion, and he seems to have steered successfully between the Scylla of regulation by compulsion and the Charybdis of over-reliance upon the voluntary self-sacrifice of those upon whom the Government and the public must depend for the necessaries of war times.

Unless I am much mistaken, he is fired by an earnest and

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honest ambition to serve his country and humanity and a passionate enthusiasm for democracy.

As an American who boasts of the religious freedom of his country, I am ashamed that I should have had to allude to the criticism of Mr. Baruch's appointment that was based upon the fact that he is a Jew. The student of contemporary history or character in the United States would, however, be uncandid and inaccurate if he ignored the anti-Semitic prejudice that still exists here, although it is happily diminishing, and is, I think, destined to disappear entirely in the admiration that the people of this country are coming to have for the public spirit and patriotism of the American Jew, both before the war and since.

As an example of this fervor in the service of his country, Mr. Baruch's activities in Washington have had, I am convinced, a very definite effect in broadening the previous narrow-mindedness of many of his countrymen upon a subject that is perhaps too reticently handled by those who mention it at all.

Yes, Baruch is a Jew, and he is proud of it.

The courage with which he has met many situations where he has been called upon to decide as between the rights of the Nation and the rights of capital shows that he is no respecter of financial personages, even though they may have been his associates. Some of them have even accused him of being a Socialist in his devotion to the interest of the people as represented by the Government.

Among his forebears there were many rabbis, doctors, and students of philosophy, and he seems to have inherited some of their idealism and impatience with error.

His father, Dr. Simon Baruch, is a Jew of Spanish lineage who emigrated to this country from Polish Prussia when he was a boy of thirteen, and became a physician of great distinction. He settled in South Carolina and served as an officer in the Confederate army during the Civil War. Mr. Baruch's mother was Isabel Wolf, a daughter of a cotton planter and a member of a well-known Southern family.

He was born at Camden, South Carolina, in 1870. He is fond of the South, takes a pride in its traditions, and maintains a home in South Carolina to-day. Being forty-seven years of age, he is old enough to be careful and young enough to be progressive.

Though he has an academic education, being a graduate of the College of the City of New York, of which he is now a trustee, he is also a self-made man, with the broad sympathy that such men acquire in the making. He started his commercial career as a clerk in a glassware business, studying law and medicine meanwhile as an unconscious preparation for the financial versatility and success that he subsequently attained. Before 1916 he had never been active in politics and had not met Mr. Wilson when he enlisted in his support, to which he was drawn entirely by the idealism of the man as expressed in his public utterances. That the attachment has since become mutual is a fact that seems to attest an intellectual community of interest, and, in so far as one may judge the future by the past or predicate prophecy upon personality, it seems safe to assume that the man who has made good in New York will also make good in Washington.

Just one word more I would like to add. I have been in Wall Street for thirty years. During that time "Berney Baruch" has been much talked about, but I have never heard his word questioned or his honor assailed.

# WAR-TIME IN THE MOUNTAINS

BY ANN COBB

OF THE SETTLEMENT SCHOOL, HINDMAN, KNOTT COUNTY, KENTUCKY

## I—"DULCIMORE OVER THE FIREBOARD"

Dulcimore[1] over the fireboard, a-hanging sence allus-ago,
Strangers are wishful to buy you, and make of your music a show.
Not while the selling a heart for a gold-piece is reckoned a sin;
Not while the word of old Enoch still stands as a law for his kin.

Grandsir' he made you in Breathitt, the while he was courting a maid;
Nary a one of his offsprings, right down to the least one, but played,
Played, and passed on to his people, with only the song to abide,
Long-ago songs of Old England, whose lads we are battling beside.

There you'll be hanging to greet him when Jasper comes back from the fight.
Nary a letter he's writ us,—but he'll be a-coming, all right.
Jasper's the last of the Logans,—hit's reason to feel that he'll beat,
Beat, and beget sons and daughters to sing the old songs at his feet.

## II—THE CRIPPLE WOMAN

A cripple woman has a sight of time to grieve and fret,
With nary thing to do but watch the sun-ball rise and set,
And nary soul a-passing by the whole enduring day.
Hit's lonesome up the holler now the lads are gone away!

They useter lope along the trail, their beastes all a-rare,
A-shouting out the good old tunes and shooting in the air;
And whether they was drunk or dry, they'd allus stop and say,
"Well, howdye, Aunt Lucindy, how're you comin' on to-day?"

Loretty 'lows they *had* to go; she'll not have got hit right,—
I never heared of forcing mountain men to jine a fight.
Hit mought be known down yander they're right handy with a gun,
And they'll be larning level-country lads how shooting's done.

The maids have quit their weaving, and they've quit their singing too,
'Twill be a lonesome valley that they'll be a-traveling through;
And sorry help are cripples, who can only sit and pray,
"Christ comfort maids and mothers now the lads are gone away!"

[1] The dulcimer has been for generations the musical instrument of the Kentucky mountains. To its plaintive drone are sung the ancient English and Scottish ballads still handed down from father to son.

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# THE VIGILANTES

## WHO AND WHY AND WHAT THEY ARE

### BY PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

The Vigilantes are a group of more than four hundred American writers, artists, publicists, and patriots who, over a year ago, banded themselves together to fight with pen, with brush, with voice, and with spirit for their country's honor and their country's life. How they are doing it is told in the following article. As an indication of the type of American men and American women who have volunteered for this service, it is sufficient to say that among its four hundred members are Lyman Abbott, Samuel Hopkins Adams, George Ade, Gertrude Atherton, Mary Austin, Irving Bacheller, Bruce Barton, Rex Beach, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Ellis Parker Butler, Walter Camp, Robert W. Chambers, George Randolph Chester, Irvin S. Cobb, James Montgomery Flagg, Hamlin Garland, Theodosia Garrison, Charles Dana Gibson, Robert Grant, Emerson Hough, Rupert Hughes, Wallace Irwin, Joseph C. Lincoln, George Barr McCutcheon, Wallace Morgan, Meredith Nicholson, Theodore Roosevelt, Ida M. Tarbell, Booth Tarkington, Augustus Thomas, Roland G. Usher, Stewart Edward White, Kate Douglas Wiggin, and William English Walling. The patriotic articles and pictures by its members are being widely circulated in the newspapers and magazines of the country without charge. For this work of distribution money is needed by the organization, which is supported by voluntary contributions. Theodore Roosevelt, a generous contributor to its funds, urges all patriotic Americans to support it. In this commendation The Outlook heartily concurs. For further information write direct to the Vigilantes. Contributions, small or large, to continue and extend the work will be gratefully received. All mail should be addressed: The Vigilantes, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York City.—THE EDITORS.

IT was in November, 1916, that Hermann Hagedorn came over to my house one dour Sunday afternoon.

The United States was not then at war with Germany. Many of us felt that it would be, that it should be; we felt the need of preparedness, of universal military training and service, of doing something to get ready for the part that we felt our country must eventually take in resisting the German foray on civilization.

It were profitless now to dwell on the bitterness that had been engendered in our hearts by the Mexican policy, or rather the lack thereof, that had made the gallant little army of the United States a joke in the eyes of the world; by the bombastic statements of Mr. Bryan that in case of trouble a million men would leap to arms overnight, omitting to say to whose arms or where those arms were to be found.

We felt absolutely certain that Germany had no intention of renouncing the submarine. We felt equally certain that it was impossible that she would not drag us into the world war. We wanted our country to know, to feel, and to prepare, that she might with courage and with honor take the part that even then destiny was thrusting into her flaccid hands.

"Can't we do something?" cried Hagedorn, with the bitterness of impotence.

I shook my head. It all seemed too vastly hopeless. . . . And yet there might be something. . . .

But what? Exactly what?

It is always a good idea when you yourself fail of a solution to ask somebody else. This it is that makes the careers of doctors and lawyers so fruitful.

And so it was that Hagedorn and I hied ourselves to the great city, bearing in our brains and bosoms the nucleus of a bare—a very bare—idea. And there we found Charles Hanson Towne, poet and editor, and Julian Street. They saw at once. At once they understood to the full all that we didn't, but wished to, have. And we sat down to formulate a plan.

Being writers, naturally writing was our field. And, after all, writing is to the nation what conversation is to the individual. A country without the written word would be a country deaf and a country dumb. It is the written and the printed word that weld a nation into a single entity.

And, as has since become so clear to us, it is the written and the printed word that builds a nation from the bottom.

Germany it was that made war understandingly and constructively. She built her structure of war from the bottom up. We and the Allies have tried to erect ours from the top down. War is founded, not upon the soldiers of a nation, but upon the nation's spirit. This Germany knew. So she spent forty years training the nation's spirit before she sent forth her soldiers. We send forth our soldiers and then try to train the National soul that makes those soldiers possible.

Germany lays the foundation of her structure and then erects the walls. We try to put the roof on first and build the cellar last. It is all as simple as it is pitiful.

But to return to our idea.

That day we formulated a plan. It had its faults. The first was that we hadn't the slightest idea in the world how it was ever to be put into effect. It involved money and co-operation and volume beyond our wildest dreams. But we were in no mood to let a little thing like that stop us.

And upon virginal white paper were written down the purposes of our yet unborn organization. I have them before me:

> To awaken the people of America to a sense of their responsibilities as individual citizens and as a Nation by rousing the spiritual forces of the country in the service of the country . . . and to work for the only effective preventive of National disaster: an intelligent and articulate citizenship.

This, remember, was written in November, 1916, when the country was sound asleep and snoring.

And how was all this to be done?

It is here, just below:

> By means of a patient and persistent pouring in of information concerning National and international affairs through a syndicate service able to avail itself of the talents of the most thoughtful and brilliant American writers and statesmen.

And there you have the whole thing in a nutshell.

But how to accomplish this? To talk about a syndicate service is one thing. To get one is something else. It's like a billion dollars. Anybody can mention it with the utmost insouciance. But—

It was Street that led us from the *cul-de-sac*.

"There must be other organizations that feel as we do, that are trying to do something to arouse the country," he said. "As a matter of fact, I think I belong to some of 'em. Why not try to find out who they are and ask them about their plans?"

We eagerly concurred. Towne, who knows almost everybody worth knowing, and *vice versa*, made out a list; and a week or so later there sat down to luncheon at the Players Club with us Stanwood Menken, President of the National Security League; Cleveland Moffett, author and a director of the American Defense Society; Raymond B. Price, business man and patriot; Thomas C. Desmond, engineer and active in politics; Hamlin Garland, writer and publicist; and Frederick Tanner, lawyer.

From this luncheon was gained one big thing. The luncheoners seemed to think the idea might work. And some were most enthusiastic; which, considering that we had invited them to lunch at their expense, one must admit was encouraging.

Following this, we began to wonder, if luncheons were so conducive to growth, what a dinner would do. We decided to try. And on December 20, having found thirty-five more gentlemen



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who were willing to pay for their own food, the first Vigilantes Dinner was held.

Meanwhile plans had been revised, revamped, and made workable, and the Vigilante idea put on a simple and effective (at least we hoped it was effective) basis. It was no more and no less than a scheme for the syndication of the best available type of patriotic publicity to be conducted through the already existing mediums of newspapers and news syndicates.

There were hundreds of scattered writers with things to write. There were millions of scattered readers who wanted those things to read. Merely the co-ordinating machinery was lacking.

No one involved had any ax to grind. There was no red tape to bind or choke or throttle. Writers would be glad to give their work. Newspapers and syndicates would (as soon as they found out that there wasn't a catch in it somewhere) be glad to give their space for material which, at regular rates, would be worth not a small but a large fortune. There was lacking, then, only the machinery for the collection of material from the writers and for its distribution to the newspapers and syndicates.

Such, then, was the idea. And as such the diners saw it. And they more than saw. Seven hundred dollars was subscribed all at once. And with joy in our hearts we rented an office and a stenographer and set to work. Writers—among them Booth Tarkington, George Ade, Rex Beach, Irvin S. Cobb, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Gertrude Atherton—volunteered immediately and enthusiastically. Syndicate lists reaching practically all the big newspapers in the country were perfected under the supervision of A. W. Erickson, Henry Walsh, and Guy T. Viskniskki, the latter then of the Wheeler Syndicate, and now editor of the "Stars and Stripes," the weekly newspaper published by and for the American Expeditionary Force in France. Charles J. Rosebault, formerly of the New York "Sun," was made managing editor. The Executive Committee was enlarged to comprise, in addition to the actual founders, Augustus Thomas, Irvin S. Cobb, Monroe Douglas Robinson, Ellis Parker Butler, Thomas C. Desmond, and Robert J. Wildhack.

We also affiliated with the Western Newspaper Syndicate, which sends articles to a tremendous number of the smaller newspapers in the United States. Inasmuch as most of us are magazine men and women as well, we were even enabled through these dual associations to do a great deal of work that does not appear as Vigilante work *per se*, but which is none the less so in actuality.

With our entry into the war, the energies of the Vigilantes were applied with increased vigor to their constantly augmenting tasks. Now it was no longer a matter only of arousing the American public to a sense of its obligation to the world and to the need of preparing for its own defense. Scores of practical questions, which had nevertheless to be transfigured to make them interesting to the people, were pressed upon the Vigilantes from many sources.

The Government, for one, demanded that the writers and artists hold themselves subject to its needs. Organizations of a semi-Governmental nature, like the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A., put forward their bids for aid. Practically all the organizations designed for patriotic service seemed to feel that they had some claim upon the service of the Vigilantes. And, so far as possible, always keeping in view that the chief aim of the organization was to inspire the soul of the country—to keep it alive to the best ideals of Americanism—the Vigilantes gave their assistance right and left, and always without charge.

For the Government the organization threw itself heartily into the campaign for the Liberty Loans, the conservation of food and fuel, and the War Savings campaign. It also joined with a sub-committee of the Committee on Public Information, located in New York City, in a campaign to counteract the German propaganda in Russia, which misrepresented America and its attitude toward the Russian democracy.

Among the organizations which appealed to the Vigilantes for support, beyond those already mentioned, were the National Security League, the American Bankers' Association, the League to Enforce Peace, the American Alliance for Labor and Democracy, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Defense Society, and the Boy Scouts.

The cunning of the enemy in seeking to promote every anti-American agency was exposed and followed up with unremitting vigor. The alliance between the Prussian Government and the leagues for promoting the teaching of German in primary schools of the country was clearly demonstrated; the pro-Germanism of Hearst, of George Sylvester Viereck, and of numerous other publishers was equally exposed; the attitude of the German-language press and its effort to hold the Germans and Americans of German descent in line for the Kaiser were made so clear that legislation had to follow; through the mouth of organized labor itself was proved the falsity of the German-inspired assertion that this was a rich man's war. So also the pro-German leanings and tendencies of the Socialist party and such pacifist organizations as the League Against Militarism and the People's Council were brought under the spotlight.

Among the many subjects which came up for treatment, certain ones have crystallized into permanent objects of Vigilantes propaganda. These may be summarized as—

The breaking down of prejudice of all kinds to make a united America with ideal Americanism as its only slogan.

Universal service, whether we have a prolonged war or an early peace, and whether the peace is definite or holds a threat of future war. The great lesson of our participation is that the country can be benefited only by applying the doctrines of universal service. In its practical form this means universal military training.

At the present moment the Vigilantes are working for the Government on the Russian service, referred to above, on the Third Liberty Loan, and the War Savings campaign. For these they are supplying a special service to each of the Government agencies that control these campaigns.

For the Red Cross they have supplied editors and writers for special campaigns.

The editors of the country alive to the significance of this unique undertaking have hailed the work of the Vigilantes with enthusiasm, and articles, poems, slogans, and stories, bearing after the name of each author the phrase "Of the Vigilantes," are appearing daily in newspapers, large and small, from coast to coast.

Now, barely a year from its actual birth, the Vigilantes are serving fifteen thousand papers reaching fifty-three million readers.

Nor is this all.

In this war Germany has unsheathed and brought into play one weapon that the Allies and ourselves didn't even know existed. And it is with this weapon that she has won her greatest victories. With this weapon she has beaten Russia from a great and powerful nation to a helpless, writhing pulp. With this weapon she tore from Italy the fruits of three years of desperate, valiant fighting. With this weapon she has tortured and tormented, and is still torturing and tormenting, the so-called neutral nations. With this weapon she is daily confusing and rendering difficult the best efforts of America to win the war; encouraging treason; aiding and abetting sedition; cultivating depression; tainting honest criticism with the innuendo of treachery; fanning the fires of Bolshevikism, disunion, disorganization, anarchy, and disaster.

It is the deadliest known weapon that a nation has ever used since this old earth was born.

And it is propaganda.

It is stated, and it would appear reasonable to believe, that Germany spent two hundred million dollars for propaganda in Russia. As against a few thousand dollars spent there by the United States! The answer is there for him who runs to read. And the faster he runs, the better he'll read.

Like the submarine, propaganda is a weapon. Like the submarine, it must be met and defeated. And it can be defeated only by a weapon adapted to do combat with it. You can't defeat propaganda with cannon and soldiers any more than you can beat an airplane with poison gas. For, remember, an army is only as strong as the national spirit that stands behind that army. And the one weapon to make or break national spirit is the written and the spoken word.

The Vigilantes, single-handed, under the wearing handicaps of lack of money and the painful necessity of making their several and individual livings, with the wolf ever at the door and occasionally poking his lean snout even into the vestibule, have been doing everything in their power to fight as best they could this great and terrible engine of German destruction for Ger-

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many long ago mobilized her artists and writers. But she made the mistake of immediately denaturing them into Government servants—a sort of His Master's Voice. We Vigilantes have, and we think wisely, remained independent and non-partisan. We are working for America.

We now have four hundred writing members, comprising practically all the best writers in the country. Sixty of the best of these have taken what is practically a military oath of service to give us, on demand, one thousand words a month. This monthly service, if bought by any magazine, would mean a cash valuation of at least $20,000. It is in this way that the writers of the country are trying to do their part.

But do not get the idea that the work of the Vigilantes is carried on only by poets, authors, artists, and idealists. Our work now has the support of many of the best-known and most patriotic and most efficient people in America—leaders in manufacturing, finance, railway operation, great mining enterprises, and other fields of our industrial life, which has played so important a part in furnishing resources to our allies—men and women who stand ever ready to give to every good cause, charitable or patriotic—such as Cleveland H. Dodge, William Hamlin Childs, Major John Purroy Mitchel, J. Horace Harding, Elon H. Hooker, Samuel A. Lewisohn, Jacob H. Schiff, James G. White, George F. Baker, Jr., Vincent Astor, Paul D. Cravath, William Fellowes Morgan, John Harsen Rhoades, Herbert L. Satterlee, Major Willard Straight, Percy S. Straus, Frank Trumbull, Frank A. Vanderlip, Frederick W. Allen, Robert Fulton Cutting, Mary Austin, Mrs. Stephen Millett, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, and, as well, hundreds of other public-spirited citizens. Furthermore, most of the authors are contributing of their money as well as their services.

Our purposes, for which we shall work as long as the Lord shall let us, with all the strength, with all the enthusiasm, with all the optimism, there is in use, are:

To arouse the country to a realization of the importance of the problems confronting the American people.

To awaken and cultivate in the youth of the country a sense of public service and an intelligent interest in citizenship and National problems.

To work vigorously for preparedness—mental, moral, and physical.

To work with especial vigor for universal military training and service under exclusive Federal control, as a basic principle of American democracy.

These things seem to the Vigilantes a necessary foundation for the Nation's spirit that means the Nation's life.

# CAREY'S MEN[1]

## BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Their hearts were hot as youth's with generous fire
To give their utmost—wisdom said, too late—
But destiny cried yea to their desire,
And fearlessly they grasped the hand of fate.
Between the Prussian tyrant and his goal
The line of Britain's army broke—and then
Arose a land's imperishable soul,
And England's laborers were Carey's men.

Theirs was the task to build the roads for feet
On the great march against the power of Mars,—
They asked not if their drudgery were sweet,
They only did it, till the holy stars
Decreed that they should taste the uttermost
Of sacrifice's costly joy—and then
Shouting they leaped exultant to their post,
And Yankee engineers were Carey's men.

Scabbarded swords that God alone can know
The temper of, we live our days—and then
For each of us, at last, His bugles blow—
Grant us to meet Thy test like Carey's men!

# THE LION OF JUDAH

## BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

"AND," said Ellis, "you must run down to see the Major; you cannot leave England with a decent conscience otherwise. He is living in the family place near Canterbury, totally blind, but he's doing in peace what he did in war—transforming a disaster into a victory."

"Tell me something about the action itself—where he was put out," I said.

"It is hard to get the story complete," replied Ellis. "I have pieced it together, partly from his orderly, who still lives with him; partly from what Carrington told me; and partly from eye-witness accounts of that last ditch fighting about Ypres, the first and second weeks of November. The Major belonged to the Seventh Division, which came out of the hell of 1914 with only forty-four of its four hundred officers on the roster. From Mons to the Marne and back to Ypres the Major went without a scratch, and it is not in the memory of a single survivor that he once took cover. At various times, according to the state of the shambles, he filled every command from general down to subaltern. On the day when his star went against him he was holding a line of new trenches near the Menin-Ypres road, with his flank in a bit of woods; against him were the Prussian Guard, how many nobody knew—and they were real men too, in spite of being overdrilled. The Major had a mixed command, the fag-end of many companies from at least five different regiments, not counting some dismounted cavalry, but they were all devilishly keen to pay off old scores for the sake of regimental honor or to avenge a pal. God, but they must have fought like

[1] Cable accounts of Mr. Lloyd George's speech of April 9 before the House of Commons on the German offensive in Picardy state that "he said the gap on the way to Amiens was held by Brigadier-General Carey, who for six days stood off the enemy with engineers, laborers, signalers, and anybody who could hold a rifle."

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blistered fiends that day! They held their fire until the Guards thought they had an open road and an easy march to Gheluvelt. When the blast was loosed, the Boches staggered, reeled, swayed, and finally stood stock still. The Major was twenty feet ahead of his men when they charged, but he paused suddenly and stood as still as a statue. The men went forward clubbing, stabbing, bayoneting, and even strangling the Germans by hand—it was a debauch of slaughter. On the way back they found the Major, standing exactly where he had stopped, smoking a cigarette and with one hand over his eyes. He was blind; a shell must have burst just after he began the counter-attack. 'Take cover!' The Boches would reform and come back. 'Take cover. Steady!' But no cover for him; he stood with his hand covering his eyes, giving orders and shouting encouragements. And, sure enough, the Boches came back, in the same fool parade-ground formation, goose-step and all. But it was only rifle practice this time. The men swung the Maxims out of the trench and worked them from the open. Again the Guards staggered and the rear companies swerved toward the woods on the right flank, only to be met by an equally murderous fire. Three times the idiot officers reformed them after that and sent them forward. At one point some of them actually broke through for a moment. Then night fell. The Major still stood on the spot he reached in the first charge, one of his hands always covering his eyes, giving orders in a calm, clear voice, as if by instinct; and not till morning, when a colonel came with two relieving columns, could they get him away. According to the historians, that was the crucial action of the first year; the Prussian Guards were hammering the weakest part of the British line; if they had broken through, nothing could have saved the Channel ports, and they would have rolled up and captured the entire British and Belgian armies north of Ypres. I wonder whether they knew that a blind man foiled them.

"How does he take his blindness? Why, just as he did when the Prussian Guards were charging his line. You remember his love of music? It has become a passion; yes, a religion. He has set aside a big sum of money to endow an institution for training incapacitated soldiers as musicians. His idea is to take the blind and maimed men of the army who have any talent, form them into bands, orchestras, quartettes, and choruses, and fit them to earn a livelihood. The fund is in the hands of trustees, who have already established a permanent home capable of accommodating more than a hundred inmates; and the first concert is to be given in Albert Hall some time during the spring. Carrington told me a queer thing, too, about that last action on the Menin-Ypres road. During the night the Major whistled, hummed, or sang at intervals the same tune, which a sergeant recognized as a hymn used at street meetings by the Salvation Army or some other odd dissenters; but that is preposterous with a man as fastidious and aloof as the Major: besides, he was an absolute agnostic in matters of religion. At any rate, he thinks, dreams, talks, and plays music all the while now. Yes, you must run down to see the Major."

II

Major Flemmingway lived in an ample and dignified manor house a few miles west of Canterbury. The place was as well known for its beauty as for its traditions, and the Kentish Flemmingways had held it for ages. It shrank back from the highroad with a gratuitous modesty which might have entirely shielded it from the eyes of the passer-by if stately wrought-iron gates had not piqued the curiosity and invited pause. The place was gracious in aspect and appeared venerable without looking old. It was built of red brick, mellowed by the climate to a sober tone, and clustered chimneys crowned its roof with a promise of comfort. It was set in the midst of tiny, irregular fields with dwarfed hedges and yellow-brown hayricks, yet the only view of a distant horizon was from the terrace, directly in front of the house; to the right the view was broken by a line of pollards fringing a sluggish brook, and to the left, just beyond the paddock, the outlook was obstructed by the tall vine-burdened poles of a hop-garden with the quaint top of an oast showing in the background.

Baker, the Major's orderly, recalled me at once and said, "Things are very different, sir, since you saw us in Darjeeling." I asked him how he came to be there and he a soldier.

"Why, sir, I was knocked out at Zandvoorde Hill about a week before they put out the Major's lights. It was in the knee I was 'it—cracked my knee-cap open and tore a muscle in two. I was in 'ospital two months, and then they sends me 'ome with a stiff leg. Course I 'eard all about the Major, and so I comes down here to do for him as I did in the service. Proud to do it, sir, too.

"Just now," Baker continued, "the Major's over to the church a-playing the organ. 'E's strong on that now. I takes him there every day at two and goes back for him at 'alf-past five. 'E plays on Sundays, too; but it's botheration to the choir. You see, 'e ain't bound down by any notes, so 'e just takes the sense of a piece an' then makes any formation 'e likes. Last Sunday 'e 'ad old Weaver—'e's the end bass—all mixed up dreadful 'cause 'e played the long-meter 'Doxology' like the trooping of the colors, an' you could only get the line o' the toon quite faint an' occasional. It don't worrit me, though, 'cause that's 'ow I always played the concertina. It was 'cause the Major—'e was Capt'n then—'eard me doin' o' that with some Prim. toons that 'e picked me out 'er the company and let me do for him."

"Prim. tunes?" I queried. "What are they?"

Baker was obviously in a talkative mood, and plunged into his exposition with abandon.

"Why, sir, over 'ere we've got a religion wot's called Primitive Methodism. It ain't related to the Church in any way as I can see. But it's all right, an' it acts like scouts in the service—goes out into the 'ighways and 'edges, 'olds meetin's in the streets, and 'as grand rolling 'ymns. My old dad was snatched from the ale-'ouse by the Prims.—some call them Ranters up our way—an' they made 'im a local preacher; 'e was spiffin on the 'ymns, but not much on the preachin', though sometimes 'e 'ad liberty, as 'e called it, at camp-meetin's."

"The Major—Captain then, sir—'e took a fancy to them old Prim. toons when 'e 'eard 'em first in the Delhi cantonment; said they 'ad real body to 'em, and that Bach would ha' made his top-notch fugue out o' one called 'Sovereignty,' wot 'as grand bass runs in it wot sound like drum-fire from the artillery when you're 'way back safe in rest billets. No thin Sankey Gospel 'ymn things them, wot whistle like snipers' bullets, but reg'lar company rapid-fire volley kind with a 'eavy, steady roll to 'em. Lots of 'em he liked, but there were one stuck by 'im, wot 'e used to whistle 'imsel' when things got messy or nasty. I don't know the proper name o' the toon; we always called it by the words o' the chorus:

> "'For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain,
> And give us the victory again and again.'

"It was my old dad's favorite, 'cause when the drink demon got a-pullin' at 'is throat when 'e went by a pub 'e would just 'um that toon. 'E said nice sweet spittle filled 'is mouth an' trickled adown 'is throat then, an' 'e didn't want 'is ale. Well, the Major, 'e liked 'The Lion of Judah.'

"When we was in the worst fight we ever 'ad—it was somewhere near Cambrai, I think, but we moved back so fast from Mons, fighting rear-guard actions every day and marchin' every night, that I can't well remember the exact whereabouts o' all the tussles we gave them 'Uns, but, howsomever, it was getting dark an' our men were all fagged and fed up with killing, with the dead scattered round everywhere—the Major said to me, 'Give us the "Lion of Judah," Baker.' Yes, sir, I carried that concertina all the way down nigh to Paris and then back again to Ypres. Well, I played the old Prim. toon then an' there. An' when I comes to 'victory again and again' the Major laughed right out loud and said, 'I 'ope those damned 'Uns 'ear that.' It's a spiffin toon, sir, an' the chorus is like a charge of the Dublin Fusiliers after a rum ration, beggin' pardon to the toon, seeing as 'ow 'The Lion of Judah' is a religious 'ymn.

"You must excuse me now, sir; it's time to go for the Major."

III

Not once during dinner did the Major allude to the war, to his loss of sight, or to public questions. He spoke not as a man who had relinquished one world and was trying to orient himself in another; but rather as one who was continuing the

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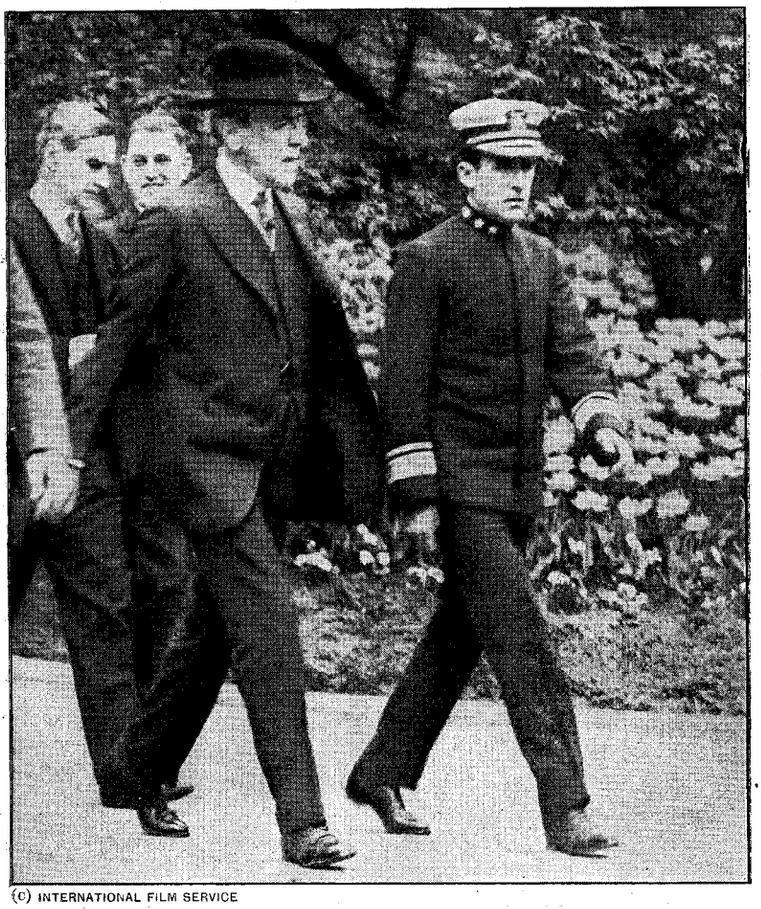
# CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

(C) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

PRINCE LICHNOWSKY, FORMER GERMAN AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN

The revelations of Prince Lichnowsky as to Germany's conduct in forcing war on the Allies in 1914 have created an international sensation



(C) INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

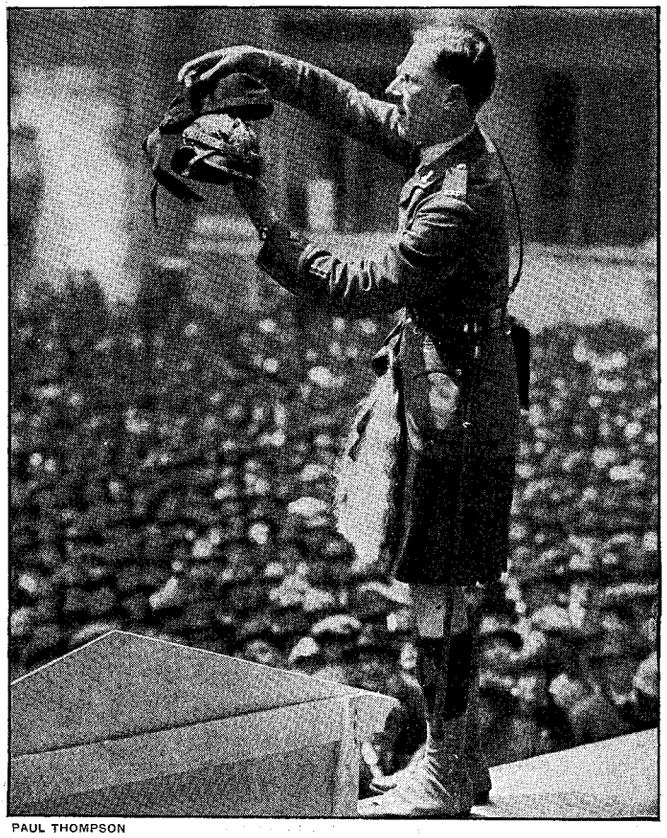
PRESIDENT WILSON AND HIS PHYSICIAN, DR. GRAYSON

President Wilson's activity and physical vigor are strikingly indicated by the above picture, a snap-shot which was taken recently in the vicinity of the White House in Washington

(C) INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

GENERAL HAIG, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMIES IN FRANCE

General Haig (at the right) is talking to a French colonel. The picture was taken at a review of the French forces just previous to the great German offensive



PAUL THOMPSON

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIBERTY LOAN CAMPAIGN

Lieutenant Gordon Sherris, of the British army, is offering a fine specimen of a captured German helmet to the taker of a $50,000 bond. The offer was at once snapped up by Mr. J. P. Morgan. The scene is on the steps of the Sub-Treasury at New York City

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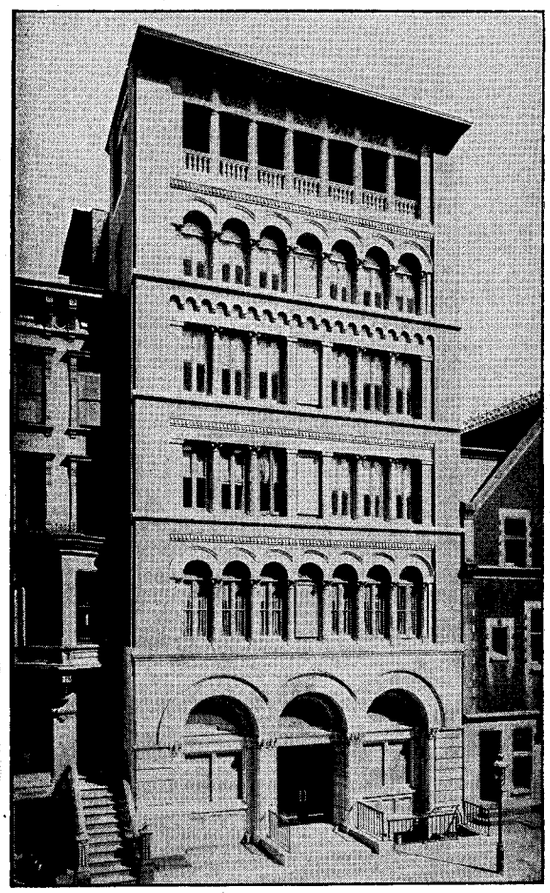
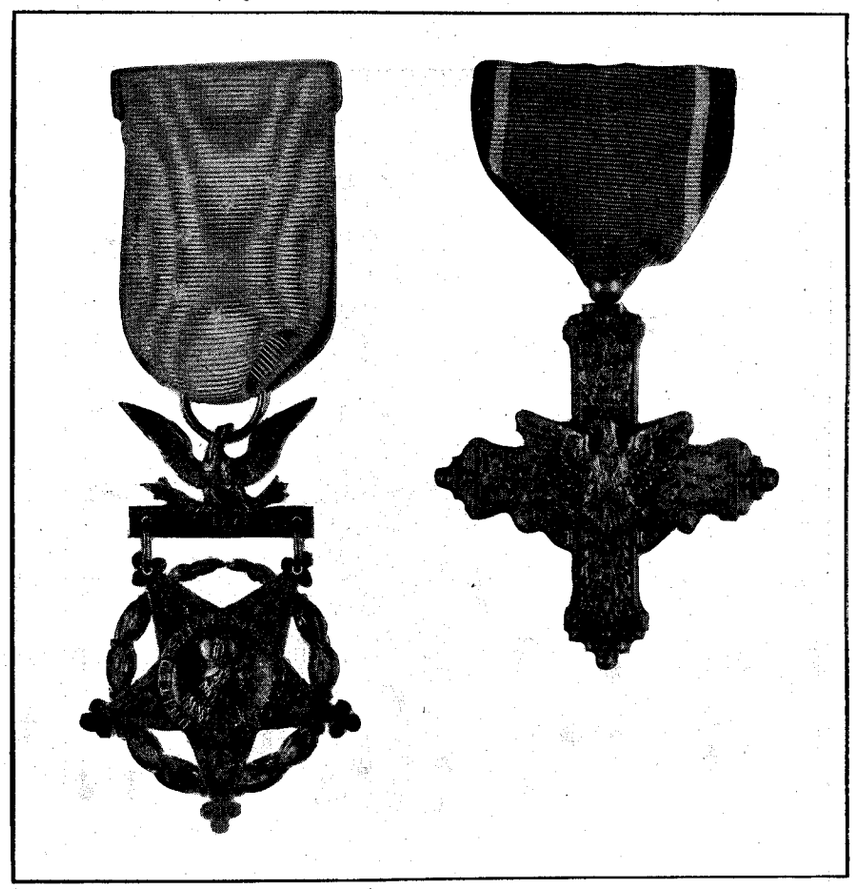
(C) KADEL & HERBERT

AMERICAN SOLDIERS MAKING FRIENDS WITH FRENCH CHILDREN



THE NEW YORK CITY STUDIO FOR GIRLS

Exceptionally pleasing in the contrast between the white marble of its first story and the cream brick above, this new building fulfills a most useful purpose in providing a home for students of art in New York City. See editorial comment



(C) BAILEY BANKS & BIDDLE CO. FROM HARRIS & EWING

DECORATIONS FOR AMERICANS WHO DISTINGUISH THEMSELVES IN THE WAR

The medal of honor (at the left) is the highest American award for distinguished merit, either for gallantry in battle or for exceptional service outside of the regular line of duty. The distinguished service cross (right) is awarded to those who, since April 6, 1917, distinguish themselves by exceptional conduct in our military operations

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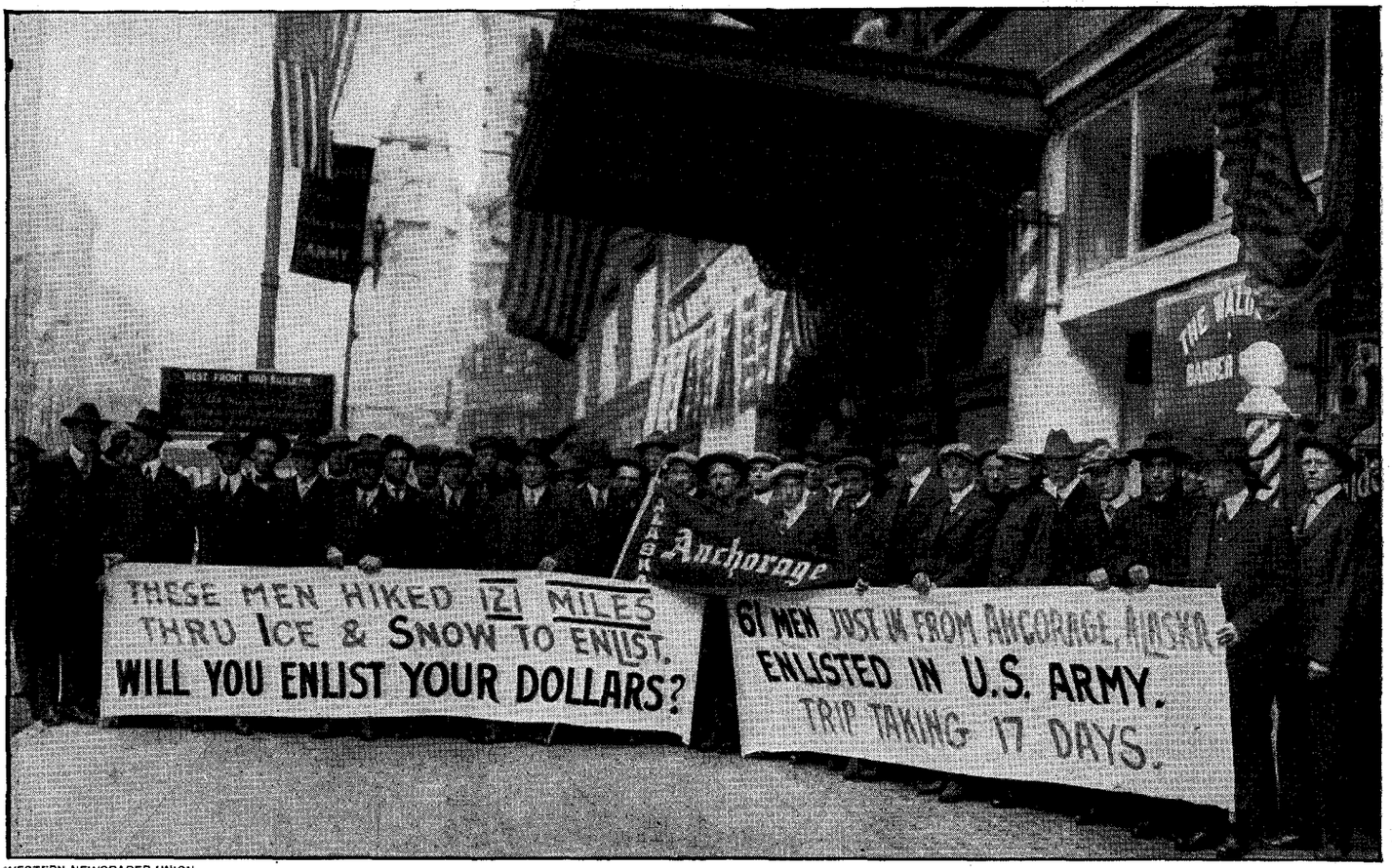
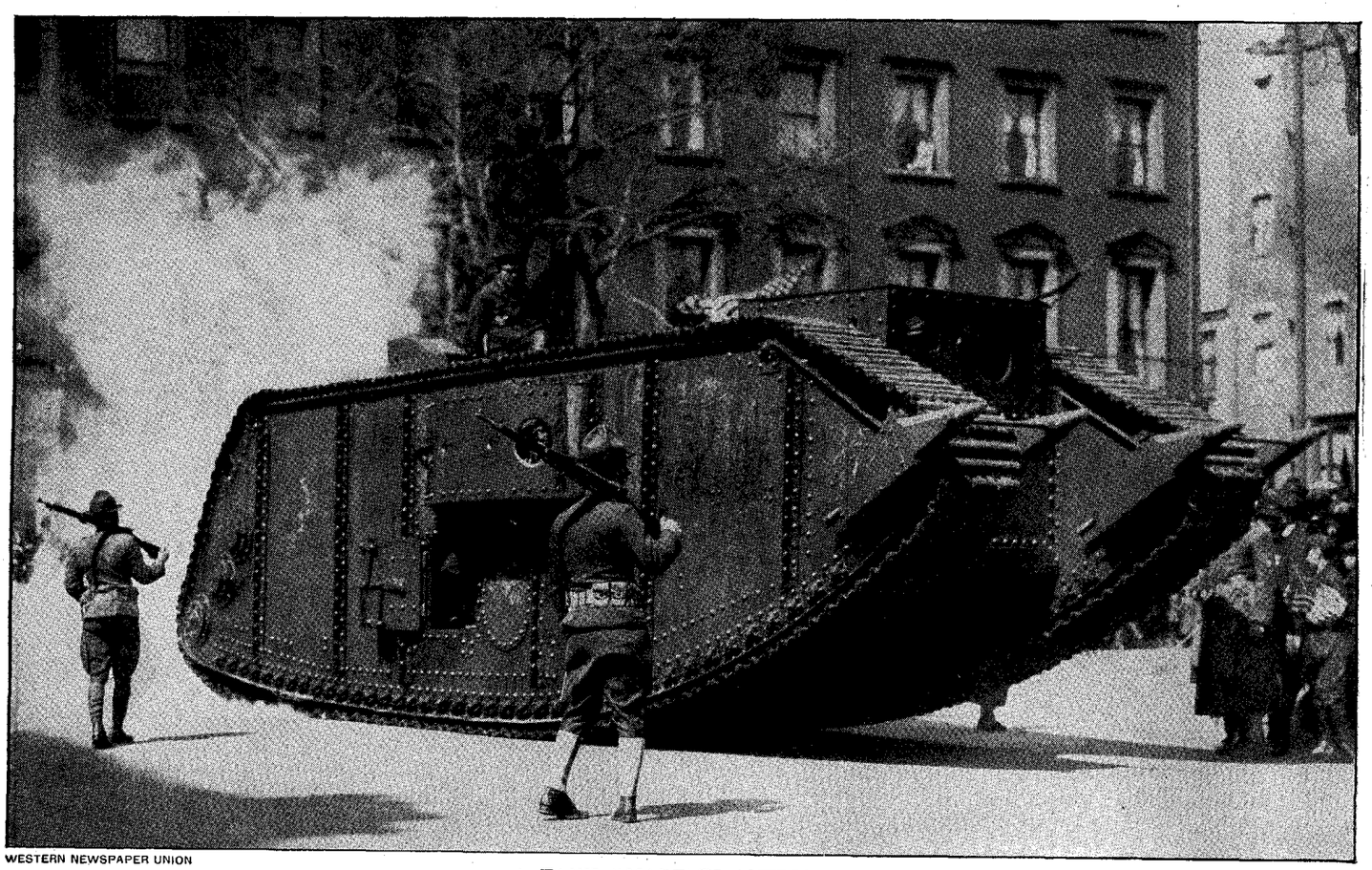

THESE MEN HIKED 121 MILES
THRU ICE & SNOW TO ENLIST.
WILL YOU ENLIST YOUR DOLLARS?
ALASKA
Anchorage
61 MEN JUST IN FROM ANCORAGE, ALASKA
ENLISTED IN U.S. ARMY.
TRIP TAKING 17 DAYS.

WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

AN EXAMPLE TO APATHETIC AMERICANS FROM THEIR ALASKAN BRETHREN

These men, as indicated by the posters in front of them, showed their determination to enlist by hiking to a recruiting station through many miles of snow and ice. Such men will give a good account of themselves at the front



WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

A TANK "MADE IN AMERICA"

This tank, which took a prominent part in the parade in Boston on Patriots' Day, April 19, was built in Cambridge, and is said to be the first of its kind to be made in this country. It was christened "America"

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development of an entailed spiritual estate, upon which his forebears had always worked honestly and in the cultivation of which his own honor was involved.

The evening was propitious, windless, and with a high, full moon, and we sat in the breakfast-room close to the open French windows leading to the terrace. A nightingale sang from some sapling alders growing just beyond the kitchen garden. For fully half an hour the song was continuous, and I found myself waiting eagerly for the recurrence of certain unusual notes, and if they failed to come I felt defrauded. When the bird ceased, the Major rang for Baker and said we would walk.

"Yes, sir. Which way, sir?"

"By the Petham Lane wood, across the common and back by the inn."

"Yes, sir; very well, sir."

Baker was exceedingly skillful in guiding his blind master; he had reduced physical and vocal suggestion to a fine art. He never touched the Major with his hand, but contrived nearly always to be by his side, near enough to give a slight pressure to the Major's elbow with his own. As we walked, Baker would drop apparently casual remarks indicative of the location: "Shouldn't wonder if Watson would put a gate 'ere instead of a stile;" "Don't 'ear the owl to-night in the old oast;" "County council ought'er buy this 'ere cottage o' Wade's and make the corner safe for motor cars;" "Vicar ain't a-doin' much with 'is glebe this year; war sartinly do make a difference"—and so on, until we reached Petham Lane wood. There was no need to mark the place by human voice; the nightingales did that in a riotous symphony. It was impossible to tell how many songsters there were in the chorus, but at times the volume of music rose to such a crescendo that it seemed as if every twig on every tree in the spinney must be bending under the weight of a performer. There was one burst of such unpremeditated harmony that I felt the perspiration spring to my forehead, as one does under sudden and inarticulate emotion.

When returning, we came to an old inn which had once been a post-house. Its glory at one time must have been great, but its honor was now so tarnished that only the slender patronage of local farm laborers and the annual rush of cockney hop-pickers gave it an excuse for continuance. In a casual voice, as if quite familiar with such things, the Major mentioned that it was haunted. The moon was throwing unusual shadows upon the timber-seamed walls; a faint puff of wind made the signboard squeak ever so slightly but weirdly; the outline of a gaunt form moved unsteadily upon the lighted window, lifting a monstrously huge mug to his bearded mouth; a chain rattled in the barnyard; and when an owl hooted from a tree that stood in the coppice across the road, my imagination slipped its leash. What kind of a ghost could it be? A knight in armor? A pilgrim with a heavy wallet bound for the shrine of St. Thomas? A fat abbot slain in the roistering times of old King Hal? The house was not ancient enough for such venerable shades. Then a gaudy young cavalier of Prince Rupert breed? A lady of quality hasting to Sandwich or Dover with her lover and overtaken by her father and brother—a duel and a dripping rapier and a hasty burial?

Whether at the Major's suggestion or mine, I do not remember, but we went inside. The place was not different from any old wayside tavern—a bar on the right of the entrance, parallel to the hall, and a large room opposite with sanded floor and a long deal table running down the center. Two or three clod-hoppers were smoking clay pipes over empty pewter pots, a sheep-dog lay asleep on the hearth, and the only ornament on the mantelpiece, a stuffed pheasant, was lusterless, sooty, and tailless. A square cottage organ, or harmonium, stood in one corner. The room was so cheerless and forlorn that we turned away after a glance. The rest of the house was unlighted; the landlord looked sullen and embarrassed by our entrance, and we passed out quickly into the road.

The story the Major told as we walked slowly along toward the manor was so unusual and disturbed me to such a degree that I wrote it down the moment courtesy permitted me to retire.

## IV

At the close of the Crimean War an Irish sergeant returning via France wooed a young *femme de chambre* and brought her as a bride to England. They established themselves in the inn we have just visited. Near the close of the first year a child was born to them, a girl, and within a week the mother died. The only voluntary obligation the father ever assumed was to have the babe baptized under her mother's name, Jeanne. She grew up as wild as a nettle and with a temper as quick and sharp as a nettle's sting. Unkempt, ungoverned, and unable to read or write, she took her place in human society, or rather on the outer edge of it, with hands and feet and tongue always ready to strike. That was the only lesson she had learned from her father. What else she knew, the stars, the seasons, the trees, and the creatures had told her. Whenever her work as kitchen slut of the tavern permitted, she roamed the lanes and fields and woods, letting the love of her little starved heart go out to the birds, but in a furtive, stealthy way, as though it were a crime. She hated men and doubted women and was afraid of the sunlight. But at night, as soon as the last customer had gone and her father had climbed the stairs with maudlin uncertainty, she slipped from the house and made her way to some familiar spot where she might listen to the nightingales pouring out their throbbing song. Gradually she became known to the whole countryside, from Stelling Minnis to Boughton, as an uncanny, evil-possessed child, and simply on the evidence of her nocturnal wanderings the old women gossiped about her scandalously.

When Jeanne was about sixteen years of age, a sailor from Hythe came to the inn as general helper. He proved to be a paying addition to the establishment, as he was musical, after sailor fashion, and could play lively airs upon the harmonium. He taught Jeanne to play. She was an odd pupil, quick to learn, but refractory, refusing to follow the sailor's well-known tunes, and preferring chiefly to improvise for herself. She would sit at the wheezy instrument, her head bent forward and slightly turned, her fingers moving slowly over the keys, finding chords. When one pleased her, she laughed aloud and repeated it many times in triumph. This so irritated her father that finally he commanded her never to touch it again. He drove the sailor from the house. Only the nightingales were left, and as long as they sang she stole out into the woods; when they ceased with the season, she used her unspent strength in gibe and taunt and curse for any who crossed her path.

Two or three years passed in that way. Then she heard of the Christmas Festival soon to be held in the Cathedral; how she heard none knew, unless it had been from a chance customer, for no one in those parts ever thought to speak a friendly word to the strange, wild creature. And if she had been told that the choir were to sing Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah," she would have been not a whit the wiser, for she could not have known what meaning to put upon the words "choir," "Handel," "oratorio," and "Messiah." She had been to Canterbury once or twice, but it lay far out of her world. It stood for all the things she hated and feared. But when the day arrived she dropped her work, threw a tattered Paisley shawl over her head, and walked to the city.

It was true, there was music in the Cathedral; it seemed to stream out through those wonderful windows as she crossed the close from the Christ Church gate to the porch. As she passed through the door into the nave, waves of glorious sound flowed down through the dim pillar-broken depths from the organ above the choir. Jeanne was afraid; she dared not advance beyond a few paces, and there crouched in the shadow of the first great column. She was like a bird beaten down by a fierce storm; she was dazed and stupefied. Later she crept stealthily to another column nearer to the music.

Almost imperceptibly a voice breathed the first subdued notes of "Comfort ye my people, saith your God," rising into the purest intensity of confidence that "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low."

Jeanne trembled with joy; and, fearful lest any one should notice and order her from the place, she knelt and made herself as small as she could. She wondered whether she was awake, whether she was alive, whether that was the beginning or the end of the music. A peal of joyful voices then rang out of the shadowy distance—"And the glory of the Lord"—and Jeanne lifted herself to her knees; then there broke such a torrent of sound as the chorus picked up the altos—"And the

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glory of the Lord"—that she huddled close to the column; when the chorus closed with the full force of triumphant emphasis, "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," she tore the collar of her dress apart and panted.

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd"—that was a relief; she could bear it, enjoy it, perhaps understand it; but the chorus and the organ with its wide-open diapasons—they were too much.

"Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." She knew what that meant. Whose sorrow she did not know, but sorrow was as familiar as the face of day, and she wept softly, tears of relief, for this was the first time sorrow had ever found a voice for her.

Now she was rested, and at peace. But when suddenly the first "Hallelujah" thundered through the Cathedral, Jeanne sprang to her feet; when the chorus passed into the mighty unison, "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," she was utterly stunned. She clung to the column for a moment, moaned, and then ran swiftly toward the door; before she reached it she reeled and fell in a faint.

That part of the strange tale, the Major assured me, came through a canon who had watched her from the time she entered the nave. He picked her up, carried her across the close to his house, and there, as she revived under gentle ministrations, he learned something of her emotions.

That night, or in the early morning, while deep in a drunken sleep, Jeanne's father thought he heard a piercing cry, but he could not be sure. When he went downstairs to begin the day's work, and entered the room that faced the bar, he found Jeanne lying forward across the open harmonium with a knife plunged sheer to her heart.

"There is one other strange thing," said the Major. "A half-witted man who worked about the place and slept in an unfurnished room just above that in which Jeanne was found dead, testified at the coroner's inquest that he too heard the cry; but just before the cry he heard Jeanne playing the harmonium and singing a hymn he had often heard the dissenters sing in Petham village—'The Lion of Judah.' Curiously, I never heard that hymn until my man Baker played it on his concertina in India; and, and—it is connected in my mind now, not only with that countryside tragedy of Jeanne, but with that splendid tragedy of our expeditionary force in the first campaign, from Mons back to the forming of the rigid lines in Flanders."

V

The following morning the Major became abruptly didactic, and for the first time he spoke of himself.

"I have never been able to think of God according to the orthodox definitions. They do not define. 'God is a spirit,' for instance. Spirit has no positive connotation for me; it is negative, the mere absence of anything material. Neither can I conceive God as love. Indeed, I cannot get a sense of reality into the word love—therefore it is useless to me as a symbol or medium. My parents died before I knew them. As far as I know, not a living soul loves me; and I cannot think of any one I love or ever have loved. I admire and respect many; I revere a few. But if the word, as used in literature, means anything at all, it implies a warmer, more intense, more exalted, and a more sacrificial feeling than anything I have experienced.

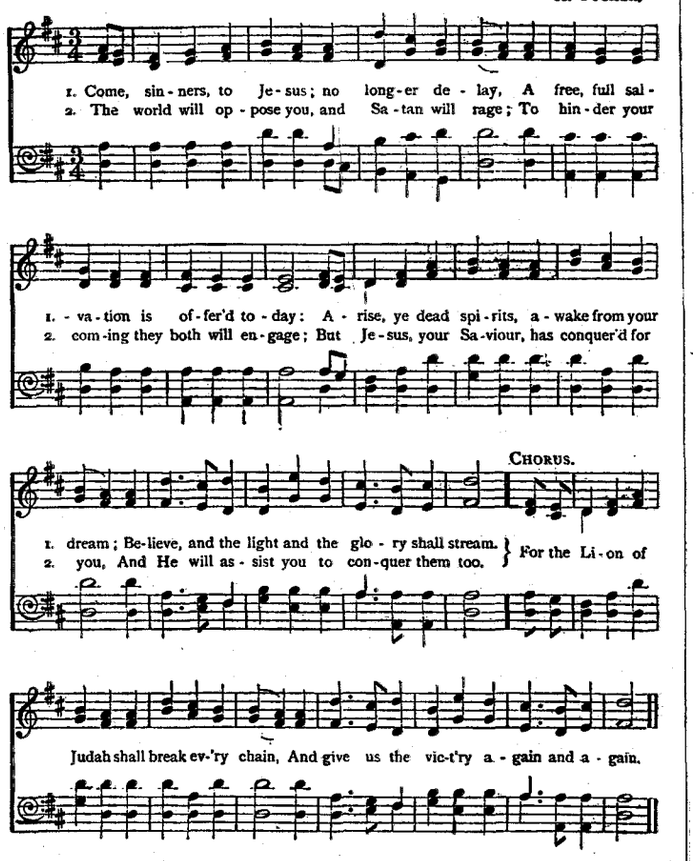
"But when I say God is harmony, it means something clear and definitive, something simple enough in its more primary expression to be apprehended by children, yet something so gloriously vast and sublime in its constantly progressive forms that it engages the loftiest minds and engrosses the deepest emotions. Nothing expresses God so comprehensively and exactly as music. If you want the beginning of things, you must go, not to paintings or to science, but to Haydn's 'Creation.' No theology or creed brings God into human life as does Handel's 'Messiah.' And nothing voices the never-failing power of vicarious suffering as does Gounod's 'Redemption.'

"Every afternoon," continued the Major, "I go to the organ in the church and work upon an oratorio I am composing. Those of us who were in the fury of the war in its first phase in 1914 are just beginning to realize that we were working out the most glorious epic of the ages. At the time we did not know it; we were fighting as professionals and in a professional way, just as we had been taught. The war had practically no meaning beyond its strategy and its tactics, the traditional honor of the British army and the untarnished name of the several regiments. We never gave a thought to ideals and motives; we never thought of safeguarding democracy, defending civilization, saving humanity, or serving God. And yet, though none of us articulated it, there was something stirring in our souls of that wider, diviner issue, or we could never have fought and suffered as we did.

"And, curiously, that something got linked up in my case with a crude musical composition called 'The Lion of Judah,' a hymn sung by a sect of dissenters known as Primitive Methodists. There is something heroic and prophetic in the thing; it seems to belong to the awful moments when the odds are all against you; it has a way of making you feel that through the blood and pain and humiliation and reverses there must come the ultimate victory—that is why I have adopted it as my *motif*. There cannot be ultimate victory apart from justice, equity, truth; those qualities inhere in things harmonious and they inhere in God. That is a creed which needs no revision, and our men wrought it out through a hundred Gethsemanes and Calvarys from Mons to Ypres. It is for them that I write, and those who remain, maimed and broken, shall be taught to sing it to the world."

## The Lion of Judah.

(11.11.11.11.) H. TUCKER.


1. Come, sin-ners, to Je-sus; no long-er de-lay, A free, full sal-
2. The world will op-pose you, and Sa-tan will rage; To hin-der your
1. -va-tion is of-fer'd to-day: A-rise, ye dead spi-rits, a-wake from your
2. com-ing they both will en-gage; But Je-sus, your Sa-viour, has conquer'd for
CHORUS.
1. dream; Be-lieve, and the light and the glo-ry shall stream.
2. you, And He will as-sist you to con-quer them too.
For the Li-on of
Judah shall break ev-'ry chain, And give us the vic-t'ry a-gain and a-gain.

3. Though rough be your passage, and troubles arise,
There are mansions of glory prepared in the skies;
A crown and a kingdom you shortly may view—
The laurels of victory are waiting for you.

4. When death's shady valley Christ calls you to tread,
A halo of glory around you He'll shed;
His presence shall cheer you as faintly you pray,
And angels to glory shall bear you away.

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# WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.
HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

*Based on The Outlook of May 1, 1918*

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

### I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

*A. Topic:* England's Fighting Spirit.
*Reference:* Pages 6, 7.
*Questions:*

1. What facts has The Outlook presented in this reference which show what the fighting spirit of England really consists of? 2. Is The Outlook sustained by facts in saying that "England is more ready than we to make changes in administration whenever necessary for improvement"? 3. Do you know of any "changes in administration" that should be made by us? Discuss. 4. Are democracies "blind and deaf to visible menace and reiterated warning"? Give evidences. If they are, who is responsible? 5. Name and discuss some lessons for America found in this topic. 6. It will profit you much to read "England and the War," by André Chevrillon (Doubleday Page), and "Britain in Arms," by Jules Destrée (Lane).

*B. Topic:* The Lichnowsky Revelations; The Kaiser's Responsibility; What Heine Thought about Prussia; The Murder of a Cathedral; The Destruction of Works of Art.
*Reference:* Pages 7–10.
*Questions:*

1. What do the Lichnowsky revelations prove? 2. Discuss the Kaiser's responsibility for this war. 3. Do you think the Germans will come to hate the Kaiser? Give several reasons. 4. What did Heine think about Prussia? Do his characterizations of Prussia hold good to-day? Give proof. 5. The Outlook refers to "the German patriots of 1848." Give a brief account of the democratic rising in Germany referred to. Explain why the republican element in Germany has never recovered from the blow received in 1849. Suppose the Liberal party had succeeded in Germany at that time, what results would probably have followed? 6. What has The Outlook reported as to Germany's attitude toward cathedrals and other works of art? Account for this attitude. 7. Can you show that German autocracy has scientifically prepared for the undoing of democracy? Do you think democracy will finally succumb to autocracy? Give reasons. 8. Read "Sidelights on Germany," by M. A. Morrison (Doran), and "Germany at Bay," by Major Macfall (Doran).

*C. Topic:* Japan, Germany, Russia, and the Allies.
*Reference:* Pages 18–22.
*Questions:*

1. What are the spirit and object of Japan as disclosed by Mr. Mason's interview with the Premier of Japan? 2. What, according to this interview, is Japan's policy toward Russia and her attitude toward Germany? 3. Has Mr. Mason shown why Japanese politics is so difficult to understand? 4. What, according to Count Terauchi, is Japan's attitude toward America? Why this attitude? 5. What should the future attitude of the United States toward Japan be? 6. Explain how any nation, East or West, can procure an abundant supply of international good will. 7. You might read with advantage "Japan to America," by Japanese writers (Putnams), and "Japan in World Politics," by K. K. Kawakami (Macmillan).

### II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

*Topic:* Wanted—A Statesman.
*Reference:* Pages 11, 12.
*Questions:*

1. For what reasons does The Outlook believe that "it is an understatement to say that in his [Senator Stone's] death the Nation has suffered no loss." Do you agree? 2. Is the Senate's method of filling chairmanships an "unutterably stupid traditional plan"? Why does it not have a better plan? 3. How do you explain why incompetent and harmful public officials are allowed to remain in office? 4. How get tradition and routine that hinder public progress out of the way? Discuss at length. 5. Will you tell us how to develop men who possess real statecraft? Statesmen are wanted. 6. You will do well to read: "Abraham Lincoln," by Noah Brooks (Putnams); "George Washington," by Norman Hapgood (Macmillan); "Progressive Democracy," by Herbert Croly (Macmillan); "A Preface to Politics," by Walter Lippmann (Holt); "Latter-Day Problems," by J. L. Laughlin (Scribners); "Abraham Lincoln," by Lord Charnwood (Holt). Other valuable volumes may be found in the American Statesmen Series (Houghton Mifflin).

### III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. History will hold William II responsible for this war. 2. America is a laggard nation. 3. Japan is not a militaristic nation.

### IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for May 1, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Teutonic *Kultur*, apologists (8); æstheticism, patrimony, reprobation (10); intervention, hodgepodge, bureaucracy (18); camouflage, seniority (11).

*A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application*

# THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

### BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

**Stephen's Last Chance.** By Margaret Ashmun. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

A capital boy's story. Stephen, a homeless Montana city boy, just about to be sent to an asylum, finds his "last chance" in a casual street meeting with a ranchman and his wife. How he learned ranch life and loved it and how a fine human relation grew up between him and his new friends is here told. There is fun in the telling. Every boy will like it—and others than boys also.

### HISTORY, POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND POLITICS

**Mayflower Pilgrims (The).** By Edmund Janes Carpenter. Illustrated. The Abingdon Press, New York. $1.50.

The story of the Pilgrims is well told, well illustrated, and exceptionally well printed in this book, which will interest all descendants of the Mayflower voyagers and all others who may like to have a readable sketch of these notable pioneers.

### TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

**Note Book of an American Parson in England (The).** By G. Monroe Royce. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

**Roving and Fighting.** Adventures Under Four Flags. By Major Edward S. O'Reilly. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $2.

A "fighting" book that does not deal with the present struggle is a welcome novelty. Major O'Reilly's adventures took him to Cuba during the Spanish War, to Japan, to China, to Venezuela, and to Mexico. His book is replete with "thrills."

### WAR BOOKS

**Father of a Soldier (The).** By W. J. Dawson. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.

**Real Front (The).** By Arthur Hunt Chute. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

Here are two books about the war, widely separate in many respects but yet united in a most important respect—that of the spiritual dynamic which war is. The first book, written far away from the front, is by the father of a well-known writer who has published a widely read war book, "Carry On." The other author is a soldier at the front. The first speaks of the war from the standpoint of the man beyond draft age who stays at home; the second from the standpoint of the man in the trenches who is doing the actual fighting. The books should, if possible, be read together. One supplies what the other lacks—and must lack. Both books should immensely hearten those who need heartening.

**Front Lines.** By Boyd Cable. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

The author's name is very well known as that of a contributor of vivid and tense accounts of life at the front and in the trenches. The book is full of incident and bits of experience, and is a cheerful and encouraging piece of war literature.

**Soul of the Soldier (The).** Sketches from the Western Battlefront. By Thomas Tiplady. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.

Unusually tender and sympathetic interpretations of the finer traits of the British soldier. These tributes are not a bit "preachy," though the work of a chaplain; they are the generous appreciations of a comrade who has learned to know the deeper things of the soldier's life, in both his serious and his lighter moods.

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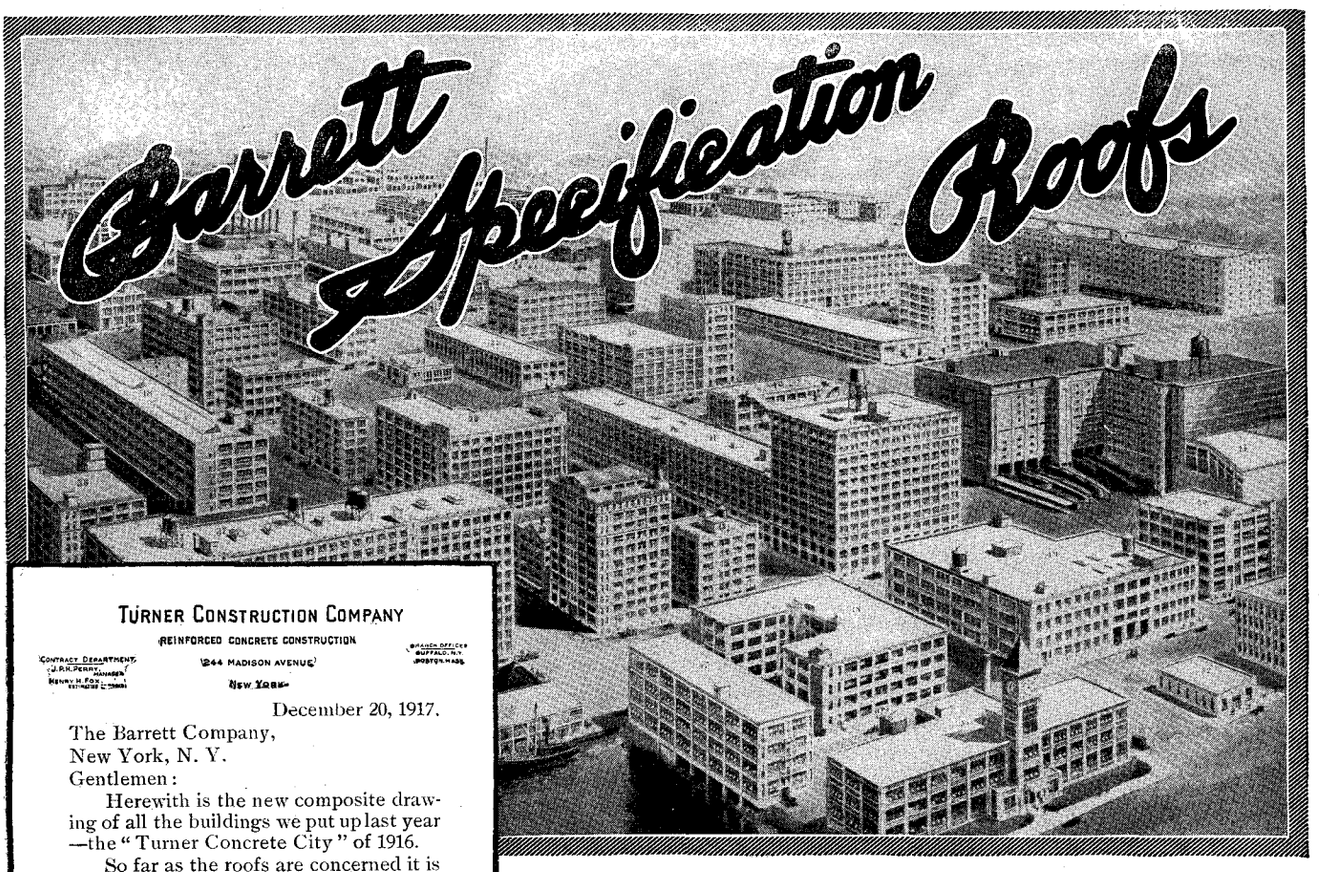


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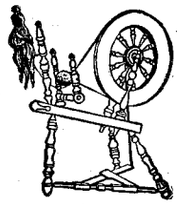

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## A FRENCH CHAPLAIN AMONG AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN FRANCE

It was my privilege to visit the United States last winter as a delegate from the French Protestant churches to the American Christian people. I met everywhere the finest reception, and heard a hundred times and more the same question: "How do you like America?" "Very much," was my reply. On my return home I was lucky enough to pay a visit to the American camps in France, and I could ask the soldiers: "How do you like France?" "Fine!" was the unanimous answer.

In many French towns the American service hat and the khaki uniform are now a usual feature of the street scenery. Even the French babies shout, "*Américains bravo!*" when the American motor cars run along the road. But the exchange of thought is not very large, on account of the difference of the languages. And yet our French people are desirous to make quite "at home" these boys who, from so far as the Pacific coast, come to co-operate with the Allies and win the war. Our leading men in the educational or religious circles are anxious to provide for the American soldiers opportunities to meet the best part of the French population, and not only men or women on the street. Our Protestant French churches are doing their best. In the Reformed Church of Dijon, a few days ago, I was preaching, and I read the "Message of the American Churches to the French Churches." When the service was over, I had a talk with an American soldier, the president of a Bible class in the State of Mississippi; he told me how deeply he appreciated the good and kind welcome he had received in that French Presbyterian church. "Think, before the war, I had not been away from my home for a fortnight! But I am no more alone, because I have found friends and brothers." This man was coming fifteen miles to attend the Sunday worship.

Every time I had an opportunity of speaking before American boys in the Y. M. C. A. I was thinking of their fathers and mothers whom I have seen in America, anxious for their sons "over there." I understand more and more the splendid and effective work carried out by the Y. M. C. A. organization. In the huts I found again the spirit of American homes, I heard the singing, "Brighten the corner where you are," and I saw happy and smiling faces. None was down-hearted, none was homesick. They have found home where duty detains them, and they have even found "Daddy" in the old chaplain of the base hospital—a delightful gentleman, liked by every boy.

What a joy for one to bring to them the greeting of my nation, of every brother-in-arms, to tell them of the splendid spirit of the French army in the trenches! "Don't judge France till you have met the best part of France, the stars of France, our men in the first lines." In fact, they don't criticise thoughtlessly, but they work hard to build up camps, barracks, railways, tracks, and to play an effective part in the big game of the world war. The more they work, the more they understand the endeavors and the marvelous stubbornness of France.

As a token of gratitude to the American friends who were so kind to me and to my companion when we were in America, I am glad to be able to assure them that everybody in France is desirous to do the utmost possible for a thorough

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*A French Chaplain among American Soldiers in France (Continued)*

friendly understanding with American soldiers. We try to open our homes to the best of them and to express to all our good will and devotion. In the camps, as in the battle, they are to us good comrades and true brothers.

VICTOR MONOD.
Chaplain of the French Army.
(37th Division.)

## THE BELLS OF BELGIUM

In a letter to the London "Spectator" the distinguished Belgian poet Emile Cammaerts says:

"The Germans are seizing the bells and the pipes of the organs in the churches. It must be admitted that they kept this stroke for the last. They had already taken the leather, the copper even to the smallest fittings in the house, the wool even to the mattresses and blankets; the bells must necessarily follow. The Belgians have learned to be patient. The women are spinning wool again as in the good old times, on ancient and rickety spinning-wheels. The children are sleeping on mattresses filled with old newspapers—German-censored papers—and now the singing clock-towers and the loud-mouthed organs will cease to sing the praise of God. . . .

"Since 1914 all patriotic songs are forbidden, and black, yellow, and red are never to be combined, under the threat of the most severe penalties, even on a children's toy or in the display of a shop window. The church was the last refuge of patriotism. Tunes utter no words. The familiar singing of the bells and the playing of the national anthem on the organ were the last comfort left to the people, their last breath of freedom, the only voice through which the country's soul could still defy the enemy. It must be stifled, and the pipes and bells will be sent to Essen, perhaps to be converted into one of those long-range guns which are bombarding Paris.

"There is a strange symbolic meaning in this last measure taken by the German Governor. Among no nation in Europe, except perhaps in Italy, has the worship of the clock-tower assumed such importance as in Belgium. In many instances the love of country becomes the love of the native town or village. Local life, so strongly developed in the Middle Ages, is by no means extinct, and the belfries stand as the truest and deepest expression of our national soul. Some have been destroyed at Ypres, Dixmude, and Nieuport; others remain standing, at Bruges, Ghent, Tournai—but they will sing no longer.

"When the invaders indulged in their useless bombardment of Malines in 1914, and smashed the carillon in the Cathedral—which was considered as the finest all the world over—there was an outcry against such an act of wanton barbarism. To-day we have become so accustomed to the horrors of war that the requisition of the Belgian bells passes nearly unnoticed. Only those who knew them by name—solemn Melchior in Bruges, Carolus in Antwerp, Salvator in Malines—will feel this new blow aimed at the very heart of our dearest traditions. . . .

"But, according to the words of Cardinal Mercier in his latest message to the members of his clergy, 'this is no time for vain regrets. Let the priests,' says the Cardinal, 'keep a strict account of the bells seized by the enemy . . . and let them choose as the collect for the day the *oratio ad diversa* entitled "*Contra persecutores et male agentes.*"' (Against persecutors and evil-doers.)

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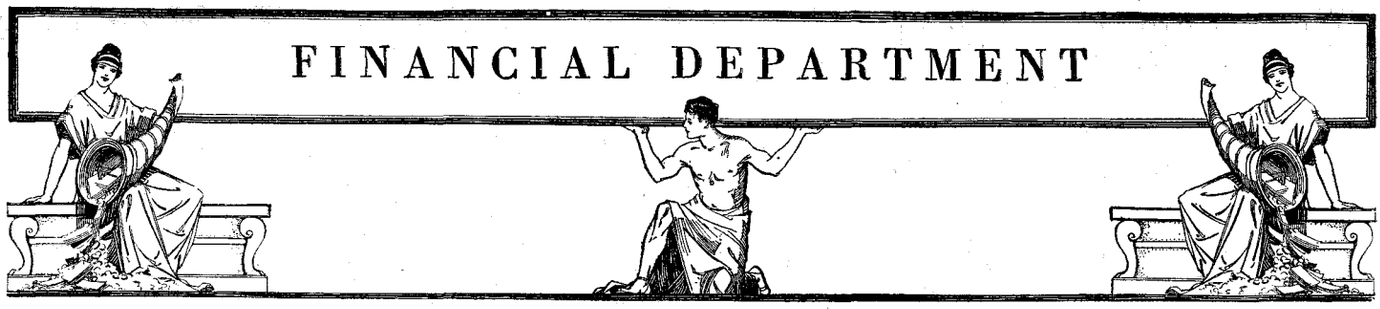


All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

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# THE NECESSITY FOR PREPARING TO MEET AFTER-THE-WAR CONDITIONS

BY OTTO H. KAHN

AT present I know of no one governmentally appointed body here charged specifically with the task of studying and advising on industrial and economic post-bellum problems. England, France, Germany, and Italy have such bodies at work. There is every expectation that we shall emerge from the war in a position of commanding economic potency and prestige. But in order to retain that position and fully to utilize it for our country's welfare we must be ready to act along well-planned lines and with suitable instruments at our hands. It is none too soon to prepare.

We must all save, rich and poor. But a general exhortation to save is not enough. The people ought to be instructed in exact detail how and where and in what way to save. If necessary, such directions ought to be given the force of law. Some savings are more needed and more effective than others. Some are wiser than others. Certain excesses of saving are actually unwise, some positively harmful.

Moreover, the National benefit derived from saving is not and cannot be accomplished entirely by the individual. If he saves ten dollars, the immediate result is that he can loan that amount to the Government. But an equally important result is that to the extent of ten dollars he has set labor free from private purposes to war purposes.

How to direct and utilize the labor thus set free by private thrift is the task—and a highly important task—of the Government.

It is also worthy of note—and may be worthy of adaptation—that in Great Britain, as well as in several others of the belligerent countries, it has been found well to include in the Cabinet a few men as "Ministers without Portfolio," and to assign to them specific tasks which the regular members of the Cabinet, immersed in the necessary and absorbing routine of their offices, cannot possibly find time, energy, and strength to deal with adequately.

It is too little realized that, though not in form, yet certainly in fact, the leaders of business are elected by the business community at large, and hold their position subject to "recall." There is no other calling in which the label counts for less and the man of worth is more certain to come to the top. With insignificant exceptions, the men at the head of big affairs are self-made men, having risen from the ranks to their present stations.

No one can occupy a prominent and influential place in the republic of business unless he is trusted completely by those who observe him closest and know him best—*i. e.*, his fellow business men. Brains, knowledge, character, and service are the qualifications required. Let a man retrograde, deteriorate, go astray, and the business community will soon find it out and, however high the position he may occupy, will exercise the "recall" by withdrawing its confidence and ceasing to follow him.

We must and we should cheerfully recognize the democratic spirit and tendencies of the day. We must cordially co-operate towards all rational measures calculated to augment the opportunities, the happiness, contentment, and well-being of the people. We must help to correct such shortcomings of the present social order as justly call for reform. We should discountenance profiteering in war times, unfair treatment of employees, and other objectionable practices, and denounce those indulging in them as enemies of business, as they are enemies to that National good feeling and that fair and reasonable adjustment of social relationship which must be striven for, sincerely and persistently, if class misunderstandings, class animosities, and the resulting evil consequences are to be avoided.

This war is, to a very large extent, a test of organizing ability and industrial power. On that field of battle the experience and training of business men entitle their voices to be heard. They must not be raised, of course, in carping or partisan criticism. But we may fulfill a useful function by seeking to ascertain facts, to point out errors and shortcomings, to suggest remedies, to offer constructive advice.

Equal in importance to industrial effort is economic power and endurance. There, again, is a great task calling for business to make its thoughts articulate and effective through an organized agency. Wherever and whenever a great upheaval takes place in the world it brings to the surface economic error, social fallacies, quack remedies and nostrums, the true character and effect of which often are not recognized till they have brought suffering and privations upon the people and the old lessons have been learned again in the school of bitter experience.

The wastage of war is enormous, but most of the money the Government spends is used at home, and the temporary burden can be borne without causing too great a strain provided we all bend our backs to it and the load is not too unwisely adjusted by our legislators. In many ways we are establishing National assets of the greatest value, we are creating for ourselves world aspects and a world position such as we never had before: we have become a creditor Nation; we are scrapping and over-


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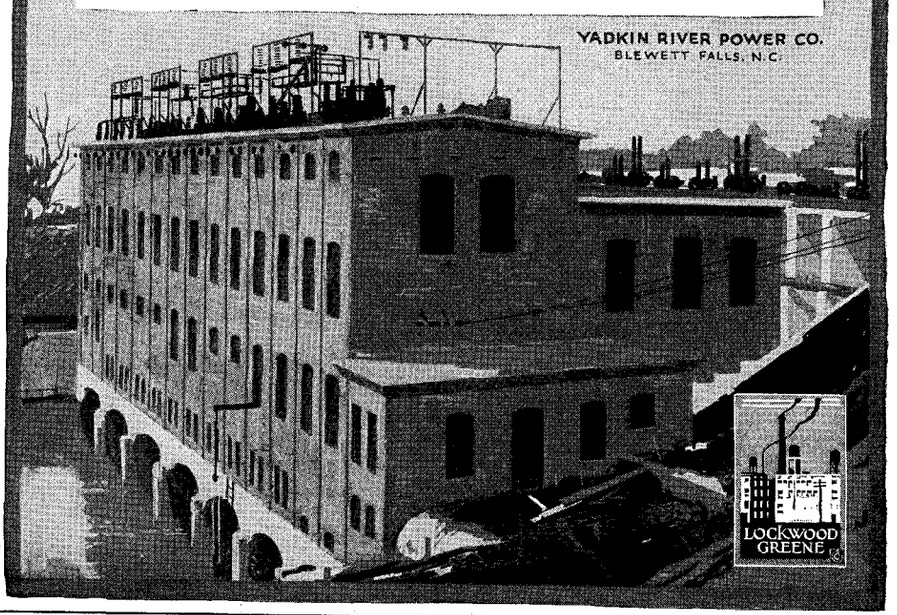



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*The Necessity for Preparing to Meet After-the-War Conditions (Continued)*

hauling and inventing; and the Nation is learning the lesson of co-operation, and the no less valuable and needed lesson of economizing.

Unless we make grave mistakes of omission and commission, we have a right (after the temporary disturbance probably incidental to readjustment from a war to a peace basis) to look for a period of great prosperity and auspicious achievement after the war, and I believe we shall all be surprised to see with what ease the Nation will be able to carry the burdens which we shall have inherited from our war expenditures—always provided that our house is ordered with reasonable wisdom by those in authority.

I am entirely convinced of our ability to meet the situation successfully if we mobilize the brain power of the Nation, and if due weight is accorded to the experience and matured judgment of the spokesmen of business, and if, while recognizing and respecting the demands of progress and social justice, we do not venture too far into uncharted waters.

## Free Booklets for Investors

"Getting the Most Out of Your Money." Babson's Statistical Organization, Dept. O-19, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

"Bond Topics." Booklet O-200. A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, New York.

Danforth Farm Mortgages. Investors' List No. 58. A. G. Danforth & Co., Washington, Ill.

"A Buyer's Guide to Good Investments." Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., 90L Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

Farm Mortgages. The Humphrey Investment Co., Independence, Kansas.

"We're Right on the Ground." A booklet on farm mortgages. E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.

Current Investment List Z-68. The National City Company, National City Bank Building, New York.

California Street Improvement Bonds. Circular O-8. Oakland Street Improvement Bond Co., Oakland, Cal.

Guaranteed Farm Mortgages. Booklet O-18. The Straus Brothers, Ligonier, Ind.

Twenty Payment Booklet 63-OL. Slattery & Co., 40 Exchange Place, New York.

Real Estate Bonds. S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Building, Chicago.


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# THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

## BUILDING UP THE "LIBERTY INDUSTRY"

*(From "Office Appliances")*

Most of us know, rather vaguely, that the war has created the dye and dyestuff industry in Great Britain, France, and America.... What is not perhaps realized widely is brought out in an article in the November issue of "Russia," published by R. Martens & Co., Inc., 24 State Street, New York City—that the dye industry is really only one branch of the coal-tar industry, which in three short years in as many Allied countries has been developed to the point of furnishing coal-tar products of a very wide variety. . . . This larger industry involves the creation of many hundreds of different chemical substances, for all of which a use is being found in the interest of reducing waste, ultimately, to absolutely nil. In other words, the problem which began as a simple matter of finding coloring material for your stenographer's typewriter ribbon has developed into an industry requiring for its largest success not only repeated triumphs in chemical engineering and complicated manufacturing, but also a veritable genius for economical merchandising and marketing.

In this aspect we find Germany's overrated commercial "monopoly" already submarined, for Great Britain is moving toward an independent coal-tar industry quite as rapidly as America. . . . Regarding this aspect of war economics, "Russia" says:

"The coal-tar industry is merely an exceptionally striking instance among a good many. American advances, in various forms of applied science, that will set the mark upon the character of our exports after the war, are numerous, and in most part not publicly catalogued." (It adds that the same is true of English invention to an extent that will put that nation at least abreast of Germany after the war.) "There is what may prove to be a very important difference between German technical advances made during the war and similar work undertaken by her opponents. It is not probable that recent German inventions in applied science will be of great substantial value to Germany when international trade is resumed on a peace basis, for much of current German research and invention has been due to shortage of essential materials, brought about by the Allied blockade. Her needs have been so acute that from her own inside point of view there is success in the invention of new processes and new uses, such as would not be profitable under the commercial conditions of peace.

"Anything to tide Germany over pressing needs of war conditions, even in part, is a success to that extent; but this does not necessarily mean that the war-forced inventions will be commercially available. German reports tell of new mineral oils extracted from coal; a new illuminating oil from the same source. Lignite or brown

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*Building Up the "Liberty Industry" (Continued)*

coal has been finally utilized as a fuel and for gas producing in manufacturing plants. Also there have been new alloys worked out for making substitutes for copper, brass, and bronze.

"All this may sound very impressive, and may seem to conceal a threat to our own export market, until one reads the already long public record of similar research work and development in England. Practically the same lines are covered, but with this great advantage, that in England, as in America, this work can be done, and the results calculated, on the basis of normal supplies of natural material—an advantage which is now not open to the Germans. . . ."

Progress of the American dye industry is shown by the fact that in July last nearly $500,000 worth of aniline dyes were shipped abroad from this country, according to Bureau of Commerce figures. From only seven establishments employing 528 persons and producing 6,619,729 pounds of coal-tar colors, valued at $1,126,699, in 1914, the industry has expanded until we now have 100 firms directly engaged in the manufacture of crudes, intermediates, and colors, with a combined investment estimated at $300,000,000, producing a quantity of finished dyes greatly exceeding the entire consumption during the former year.

However better equipped are France and England to-day, in the first months of war it was American chemical companies that saved the cause of the Allies. Experts estimate that Germany would have won a year ago had it not been for this aid, particularly in the item of high-power explosives. To-day Canada, Mexico, Argentina, Brazil, British India, and Japan are wholly or nearly entirely supplied with coal-tar products and by-products by the plants of the United States.

## COMPLETION OF THE "VICTORY PLANT" AT BUFFALO

*(From the "Iron Age")*

The "Victory Plant" is a new Buffalo industry, just completed, built and equipped by the United States Government for the manufacture exclusively of steam turbines for the equipment of super-destroyers under the direction and supervision of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, for the Government.

This plant was formally opened with dedicatory exercises on Saturday, March 9, participated in by the Mayor and City Council of Buffalo, General Manager E. P. Germain and other officials who are to operate the plant, and prominent citizens.

The buildings comprising the plant were erected under contract by the Aberthaw Construction Company, of Boston, and were completed within a period of four months. The plant occupies a site of twenty acres on the northern border of the city, near Niagara River, and is connected by industrial switch with the Niagara Falls Division of the New York Central Railroad. The main structure is 220 by 750 feet, of steel, concrete, and glass construction, its side and end walls consisting almost entirely of glass. There are auxiliary buildings, a large power house, administration building, restaurant building, rest-rooms, and hospital. The cost, with equipment, will approximate $3,000,000. The operating force will consist of 2,500 men and 300 women. It is expected the plant will turn out forty-five sets of turbines during the present year.

[*Advertisement*]

# How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

## The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toast master was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

************

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"*You can do this just as easily as I do.* Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years is president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

"Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have *enjoyed* the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear any one in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

### Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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# BY THE WAY

One difficulty that our soldiers in France have in learning to speak French like the natives is that colloquial French has so many humorous or slang synonyms for the perfectly good words that might be used. A French-English dictionary, with a suggestion of Dr. Johnson's habit of interpolating the lexicographer's personality into his definitions, hits off this idea under the word *ventre:* "belly, abdomen; *in the slang of those who never call things by their proper name*, stomach." The war has seen an astonishing list of these variations from normal words, invented by the lively fancy of the *poilu* (itself one of these invented substitutes, standing, of course, for the good word *soldat*).

Another difficulty that the American soldier has in his struggle to pick up French is humorously illustrated by the remark attributed to a Sammy "over there:" "These people know how to spell their language, but they don't know how to pronounce it. Here's *vin*, for example; do you know what they call that? Why, *van*. And when you've learned how to spell *cat* in French—they spell it with an h, *chat*—they pronounce it *sha!*"

The Andes have been crossed by airplane. A despatch from Buenos Aires announces that this feat was performed on April 15 by Lieutenant Cendelaria, of the Argentine army, flying from Zapala, Argentina, to Curico, Chile. He crossed the mountains at a height of 10,500 feet, it is said. Remarkable as this feat is, it leaves Humboldt's condor, described in a passage in the great naturalist's works as sailing serenely above an Andean peak at a height of 23,000 feet, still supreme as the monarch of the Andes.

"Colonel Roosevelt's military preparedness doctrines will be promoted largely through the screen," says the "Dramatic Mirror." "The animated interview opens with a closeup of the Colonel on the lawn of his Oyster Bay estate, beginning with a casual conversation which gradually turns to the subject of preparedness. 'Fade-ins' are to be inserted to illustrate the points made by Mr. Roosevelt as he marshals his facts and drives home his points."

The mysterious disappearance of the collier Cyclops, of the United States Navy, is the more insoluble because she was equipped with a radio apparatus, no violent storms occurred that might cause her foundering, and no submarines or raiders have been reported along her route. The Cyclops was one of the largest fuel ships afloat. There were nearly three hundred souls on board when she disappeared. She cost almost a million dollars to build. Her disappearance is the more remarkable because most of the long list of steamers that "left port and were never heard from" were lost on transatlantic voyages, while the Cyclops sailed from a West Indian port.

Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw, of Massachusetts, was occasionally somewhat brusque in his treatment of lawyers who appeared before him, according to a recent biography by F. H. Chase. On one occasion an impatient lawyer interrupted the crier's solemn opening of court by a motion to amend. "There is one amendment you can make without a motion," was the gruff response of the Chief Justice; "your manners, sir." At another time the Judge asked an attorney what he wished to have done in one of his cases. The attorney was unfamiliar with the case, and replied that, although his name appeared as counsel, he really knew little about it at that time. "I didn't suppose you knew anything about the case," replied Judge Shaw; "I only asked you what you wanted to have done with it."

Nevertheless Judge Shaw had a warm heart underneath his frigid exterior, and on one occasion the frost melted completely in the presence of a man for whom he had little liking. This was General Butler. Though Butler had once criticised Shaw severely, he afterward magnanimously said publicly that Shaw was the most learned and the ablest judge in the State, and was of the finest qualities of head and heart. "Liking or disliking a man," declared Butler, "did not interfere with his doing him full justice on the bench." When these words, contained in an address, were read to Shaw at his house, he came forward to Butler, who was present, and said, pressing his hand, "And this, too, to come from your lips, and inspired by your kindness."

Before Judge Shaw left the bar he was associated with a man of almost equal ability, Sidney Bartlett, as his partner. Bartlett "occupied a commanding position at the bar for nearly forty years after Shaw left him to go upon the bench. He argued cases in court with almost unabated vigor when he was ninety years old. Justice Holmes has said of him that 'between seventy and ninety Mr. Bartlett did work enough for the glory of an advocate's lifetime.'" Let this example hearten the men who think of retiring at seventy or eighty!

Illustrating the despatch with which affairs in the White House are conducted in these busy times, a writer in the "Century Magazine" tells this story: "'We've come down here,' remarked David Belasco, proudly, to a Senator friend he met on the Avenue, 'representing the theatrical managers. We're to go to the White House this afternoon for five minutes.' 'Five minutes!' cried the Senator. 'What in thunder are you going to do with the other four minutes?'"

The Paris residence of the late James Stillman, according to "American Art News," has been used since the first months of the war as a convalescent hospital for French officers. This fine house is situated at one of the entrances to the beautiful Parc Monceau, which is one of the smaller parks of Paris, distinguished for the splendid decorative iron railing which surrounds it. The important collection of paintings in this house has, it is said, been removed for surer preservation from the danger of bombs.

The fabricated ships under construction at Hog Island are, as an authoritative article in The Outlook recently stated, each to consist of twenty thousand parts. To make these parts about 350,000 men are engaged in 1,000 shops throughout the country. Co-operative manufacture on such a large scale is probably unique.

A black woman halted in front of a produce store in a Georgia town, says the "Saturday Evening Post," and addressed the proprietor, who was also of color: "Is dese aigs fresh?" "I ain't sayin' dey ain't," he answered back. "I ain't axin' you is dey ain't," she snapped. "I'se axin' you is dey is. Is dey?"

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